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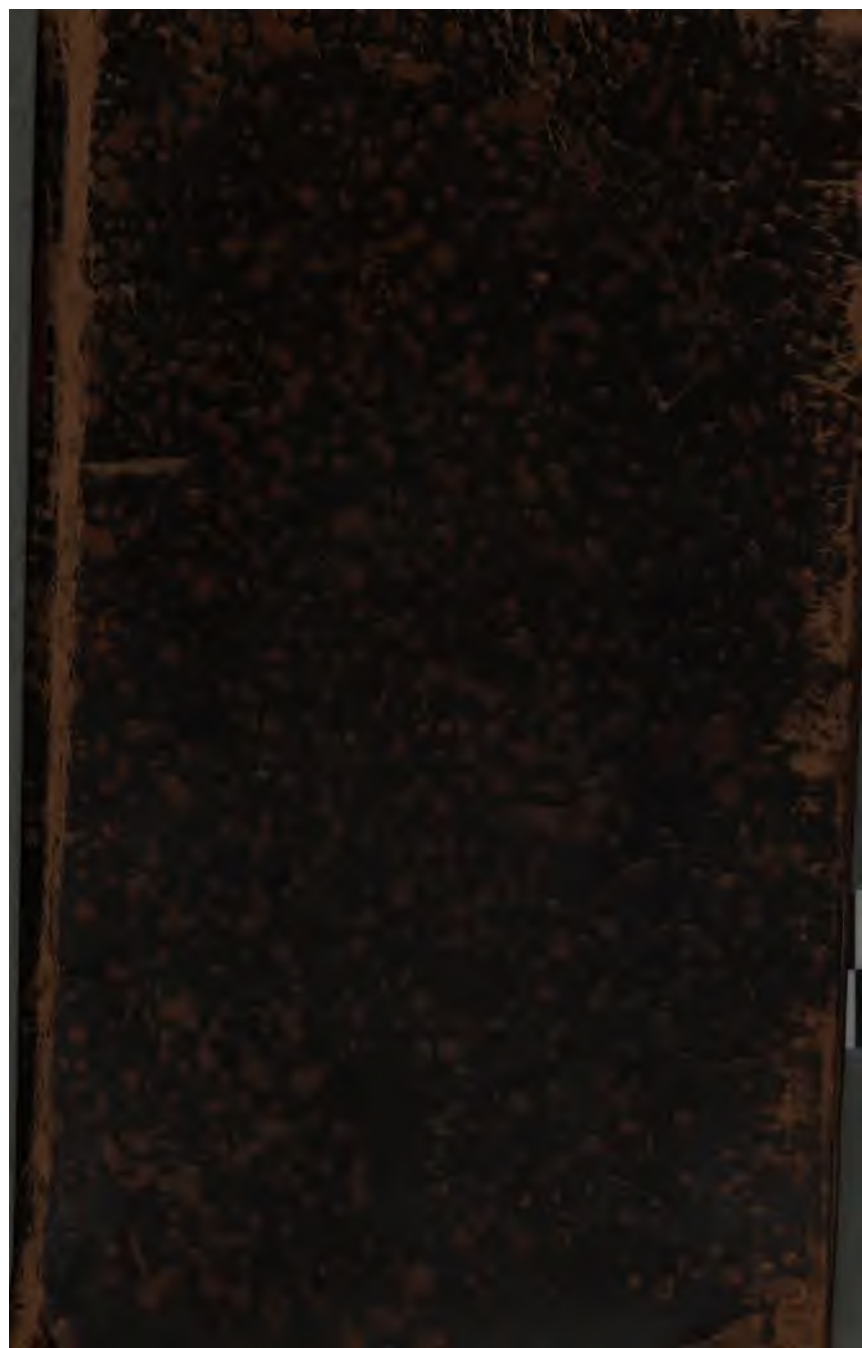
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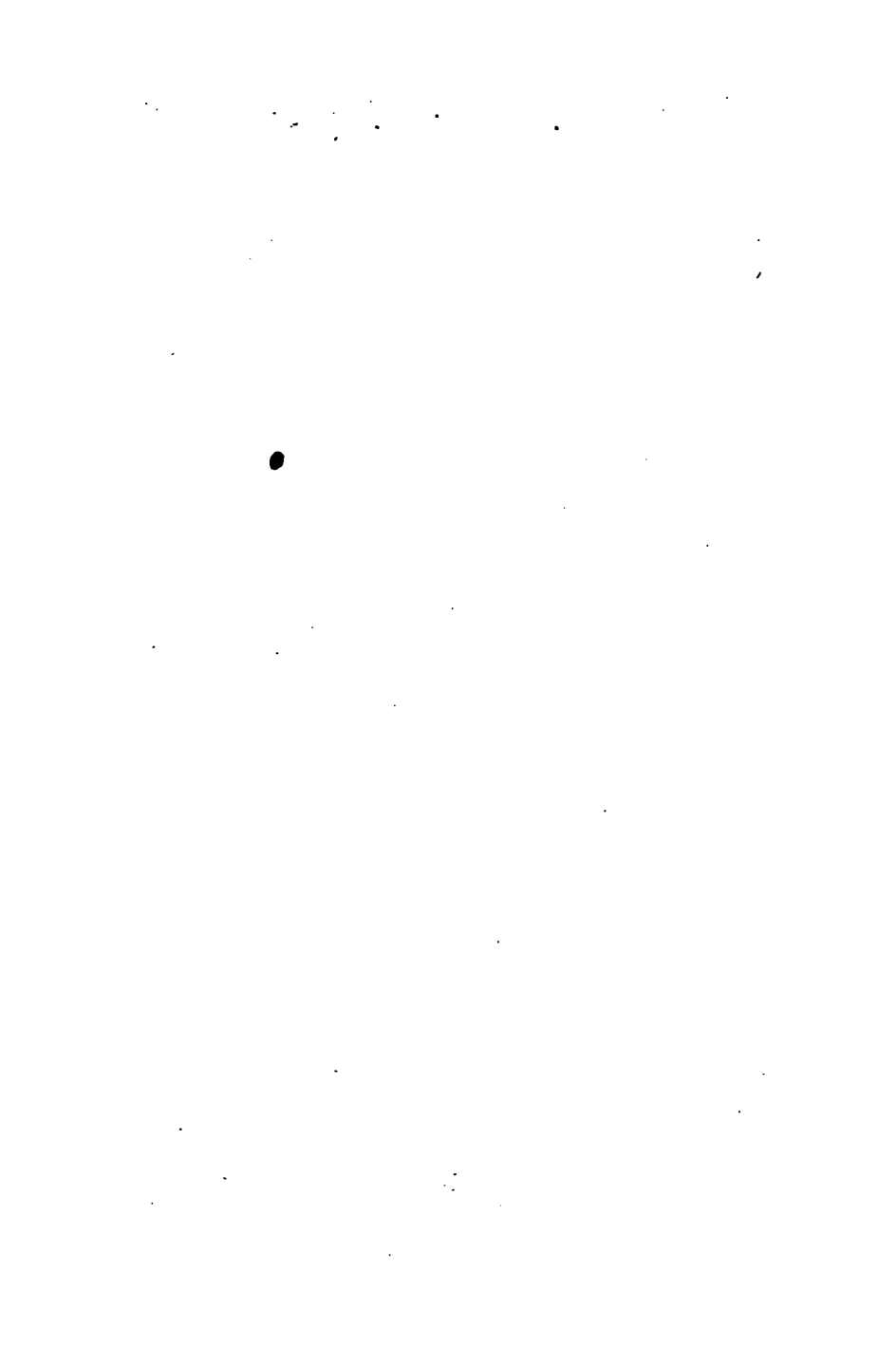


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THE SIEGE
OF
ROCHELLE;
OR,
THE CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

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TRANSLATED

BY R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

VOL. II.

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THE SIEGE
OF
ROCHELLE,

WHILE the sleep of the righteous was recruiting the strength of Clara, and restoring to her freshness and health, the meditations and recollections of father Arsene teemed with the sweetest consolations. In a life, entirely devoted to religion and humanity, he could not recollect a single misfortune of his own. An orphan from his infancy, and born of a German mother, who had been fixed in France by having degraded herself in

VOL. II.

▲

marrying into a family of French farmers, he had known none of his relations except an uncle settled in Germany, and a sister and nephews whom he tenderly loved, and who lived on a farm in the neighbourhood of Rochelle. He entered into holy orders while very young, and had ever been a most exemplary and virtuous monk. Devoid of all ambition, he had constantly declined the honour of the mitre. Charming modesty! of which that religious age has afforded us more than one example (a).

We shall not draw the picture of father Arsene, for a saint has no particular character; he has no inclination, no system peculiar to himself; he merely acts according to known precepts; his most heroic actions are but the result of his obedience; he has lost the frivolous right of ex-

citing astonishment; we do not exclaim at his sublimest actions, we only say: "he is faithful, he is consistent:" it is not he whom we admire, but the divine law which is the spring of all he does.

It is only religion that can wean us from ourselves, by giving us, in its magnificent promises, the strongest motives for directing our feelings to the unhappy. Father Arsene knew no sorrow but the noble one which springs from pity; every pang he had felt in life, had left in his mind a consolatory sentiment, and stored up for his last hour an invaluable recollection. No man was ever so completely open to inspection. Was he sedentary and thoughtful, or actively occupied? in the one case, it was certain that he was planning some good work; in the other, that he was la-

bouring to accomplish it. If he shed tears, it might be asserted that he wept for another's woe; if pleasure sparkled on his venerable countenance, it was honourable to partake his joy, from the certainty that the cause of it was interesting and virtuous. Did father Arsene at his birth receive from nature a feeling heart? This is a problem; no matter: will not the constant practice of evangelical goodness give the most delicate and the most exalted sensibility? Who can incessantly behold the unfortunate, and not feel? Who can devote himself to God, and not love? Who can resolve sedulously to conceal whatever good he does, and not enjoy it the more?..... Alas! who but must have experienced that the open mention, or even the confidential whisper of a virtuous action ever taints the sweet-

ness and purity of the recollection it leaves.

Arsene felt for Clara a father's affection, which, strengthened by her misfortunes and virtues, had become the predominant feeling of his heart, and the tenderest he had ever known. His piety had carried him safe through the agonizing anxieties which he must naturally have suffered. It is only in religious minds that hope, with a view even to this life, can acquire a strength which yields to nothing; it is unbounded, because its foundation is laid on the power of God; and as it can spring only from the desire of seeing justice and innocence triumph, it is not to be shaken. Father Arsene was persuaded that Clara would one day be justified in a striking manner. He prayed so fervently that it might be so, that he at last had no doubt it

would: for one of the happy effects of fervent prayer is, to relieve the soul from the weight of anxieties, and to fill it with the firmest reliance.

In the course of the remaining part of the night, father Arsene more than once returned to his labour at the oars. Clara continued sleeping; but, a quarter of an hour after sun-rise, the enchanted old man discovering the wood at which he intended to stop, cried: "Wake, my child, wake, we are near the lonely bank where we are to land." This roused Clara, who, getting up, put her hands together and thanked God. "Now," said the old man, "you are out of all danger!..... Child of Providence!..... No, it is not for nothing that God has preserved you twice from a horrid death, which appeared inevitable: as he was graciously pleased first to

snatch you from the scaffold; and now to deliver you from the ominous castle of Rosmal, he has something great in reserve for you.... My daughter, to God every thing is possible; you will be happy!".... "Ah!" replied Clara, "since I owe my life to you, I think I shall obtain, if not happiness, at least tranquillity!.... You, my generous protector, you must make me worthy of a better fate, by improving that reason, the first glimmerings of which you developed.... The school of misfortune will be of less use to me than your wise counsels!....—" My child," replied father Arsene, "I ask but one single thing of you; and that is, to banish from your remembrance a man truly interesting and virtuous, but who can never become your husband."—"Yes, I promise you never to think of him



to depend in future only on father Arsene.

Leaving the river behind them, and walking about five or six hundred paces, they came to the borders of a beautiful wood, whence Clara looked back to admire the delicious prospect formed by the Rhone, the opposite bank, and the beauty of the rising sun. Father Arsene proposed to her to halt and breakfast on the spot, having provided some fruit, which Clara carried in a little basket on her arm. They sat down upon the turf, and after a temperate repast, Clara asking father Arsene some questions respecting the means he had used to rescue her, he satisfied her curiosity in the following manner:

“ On receiving your note, I was
“ the more unhappy, as I immediately
“ suspected the doom intended for

“you. However, knowing that the
“master of Rosmal Castle would be
“detained a fortnight longer in
“Paris, I conceived a hope that,
“with the assistance of Heaven, I
“might save you. I wished, in com-
“pliance with your desire, not to
“touch the money produced by the
“sale of your diamond. Begging,
“therefore, a friend to get ready
“what was necessary for my journey,
“I employed myself in disposing of
“all your other jewels, for which I
“received four thousand livres. Not
“thinking that sum sufficient, a
“means of encreasing it occurred
“to me, which I had recourse to with
“success. I am known to the cha-
“ritable society composed of ladies
“of every rank and age, formed by
“the exertions of the virtuous Vin-
“cent de Paul. I knew that those

“ ladies were never slow in doing a
“ good action ; that their magnificent
“ liberality supplied at once funds
“ for public establishments, and im-
“ mense sums for private and secret
“ charities (*b*). I went to the young
“ lady who was ‘ president of the so-
“ ciety * ; and, without naming or de-
“ scribing any person, yet without any
“ want of candour, I excited a lively
“ interest in her mind. I told her that
“ a young person, whose director I
“ was, had been carried off by the or-
“ ders of a wicked man ; but that if I
“ could go immediately to her assis-
“ tance, I had a well grounded hope
“ that I might save her. This account
“ procured me a hundred louis. I in-
“ stantly set out post in a little chaise
“ that was lent to me. I was well

* Her name was Goussault,

“ acquainted with the country, where
“ I had several times been on mis-
“ sions. I first went to the place
“ whither I am now carrying you,
“ being certain of finding there a
“ faithful friend who might be of
“ use to me. I left my carriage at
“ the distance of three leagues from
“ this solitude, and rode here on
“ horseback. I merely told my friend
“ that I should return and pass a day
“ with him, accompanied by a young
“ person named Olympia, and we
“ agreed upon what he was to do
“ for me. It is eight leagues from
“ this place to Rosmal; but as I
“ wished to go there alone, it was
“ impossible for me to proceed by
“ water against the stream of the ri-
“ ver. The road by land is very bad,
“ and can only be travelled on foot;
“ one is obliged to climb over steep

“ mountains and rugged rocks, or
“ follow narrow and winding by-
“ paths along precipices. However,
“ I was under the necessity of taking
“ this road. On Wednesday last, I
“ set out an hour before day, a little
“ before five o'clock in the morning.
“ I took some provision with me in a
“ bag, as I knew that I should be
“ thirteen or fourteen hours on the
“ way, and I did not wish to stop at
“ any cottage. I had been twice
“ over those mountains, for the pur-
“ pose of giving religious instructions
“ to the herdsmen who live on them,
“ and who had then neither pastors
“ nor churches. I have since been
“ the means of procuring them these
“ spiritual aids, and I had the satisfac-
“ tion of laying the first stone of
“ the first rustic church built among
“ those rocks. At daylight, I felt

“ great pleasure in viewing those
“ wild spots, over which I had first
“ ranged in my youth.—It delighted
“ me to reflect, how much religion
“ had softened the rough and coarse
“ manners of the peasants, and to
“ recollect the proofs of gratitude
“ and attachment which they had lavished upon me. At the same time,
“ this recollection made me afraid to
“ meet with them, as I was sure
“ they would endeavour to keep me
“ several days among them. I carefully
“ avoided the cottages, and the only
“ little village throughout this extent of country. Since my last
“ journey, ten years have elapsed, yet
“ I was not the least at a loss to find
“ my way. Populous countries are
“ constantly changing their aspect....
“ man, who is to sojourn so short a
“ time on earth, is never content

“ with his place of abode: his very
“ inconstancy proves that there is
“ nothing in it calculated to satisfy
“ and fix him: the moment he has
“ power, and possesses the means, he
“ overturns whatever he cannot adorn.
“ In wildernesses, all is unchange-
“ able like nature. I found every
“ thing as it was when I was there
“ before: I had no improvement to
“ admire, but I found nothing de-
“ stroyed.

“ At noon I was obliged to rest
“ myself, the heat being excessive;
“ and I extremely fatigued. I sat
“ down in the shade, near a spring,
“ the murmuring and freshness of
“ which seemed to invite me to re-
“ pose, and in a few minutes I fell
“ asleep. In about an hour I awoke,
“ but found myself so heavy, that I
“ could scarcely get up to proceed

“ on my journey. I should have
“ greatly lamented the vigour of
“ which years had deprived me, had
“ I not reflected that God always
“ gives the strength requisite to ac-
“ complish a good work: and indeed
“ without divine aid, I should never
“ have been able to reach Rosmal
“ that day. Still drowsy, I was walk-
“ ing slowly on, and had not pro-
“ ceeded above a hundred steps, when
“ I heard a great number of voices
“ whispering quite close to me. I
“ went forward, and to my extreme
“ surprise, saw a table laid out in the
“ shade, formed by six beautiful mul-
“ berry-trees: on the table, placed
“ beside a rock overgrown with turf
“ serving as a seat, there were plates
“ of fruit, and dishes of various pre-
“ parations of milk; on the right of
“ the rustic seat, there was another

“ and a higher rock, over which
“ ran a cascade of the purest water:
“ The good people had perceived me
“ just as I fell asleep, and hastily
“ assembling, to the number of five-
“ and-twenty or thirty, had prepared
“ this pleasing surprise for me. I
“ was under the necessity of stopping
“ and sitting down to table. The
“ herdsmen crowded round me, speak-
“ ing all at once. One bragged that
“ he was the first who knew me, ano-
“ ther that he ran for the neighbours,
“ and several women thanked me for
“ marrying them when I was there
“ before. Many children, about ten
“ years old, whom I had christened,
“ were brought to me; I was en-
“ treated to stay in the mountains;
“ and the happy creatures over-
“ whelmed me with questions, with-
“ out waiting for answers. During

" my rustic meal, other mountaineers
" flocked in from all sides, and the
" crowd about me was soon more
" than trippled. At length, I ob-
" tained a hearing, and the noisy
" scene was suddenly succeeded by a
" dead silence. I told them that I
" was obliged that evening to cross
" the Rhone, at the ferry, to go to
" Rosmal; but I promised them to
" return next summer, on purpose to
" visit them, if my superiors would
" allow me, and God did not take
" me away between this and then.
" On this they no longer urged me
" to stay, but said that some of them
" must see me the two first leagues
" on my road, as it was the worst
" part of the whole country, that
" they might carry me over the most
" dangerous places. They determined
" to draw lots for four guides for me,

“ and four young mountaineers, of
“ whom the lots fell, attended me.”
“ As I was going to set out, the whole
“ crowd begged my benediction;
“ which I bestowed upon them most
“ cordially, standing upon the rock;
“ which had served for my seat during
“ dinner. In this manner did I take
“ my leave of those good people; and
“ never did a warrior, or king, in
“ viewing countries acquired by his
“ prowess, experience a satisfaction
“ equal to that which I felt in being
“ again in this wild district, sur-
“ rounded by the faithful flock whose
“ first pastor I had been. My guides
“ were very useful to me; they saved
“ me all the labour of a most fatiguing
“ road; for, in spite of my opposi-
“ tion, they carried me a great part of
“ the way, and even shortened the
“ journey considerably by taking me

“ on their shoulders, and crossing
“ torrent, into which they plunged,
“ wading up to their waists in the
“ water. When we came to a spot
“ called the Rock of Eglantines, we
“ parted; but I previously tore four
“ pictures out of my breviary, which
“ I distributed among them, and which
“ they received with faith, and the
“ most affecting simplicity of grati-
“ tude.

“ I arrived at the ferry at seven in
“ the evening. In less than twenty
“ minutes I was on the other bank,
“ and at two hundred paces from
“ Rosmal Castle. It was dark; but
“ the weather was clear and serene,
“ and I blessed heaven as I perceived
“ the towers of the old castle. I saw
“ a light in the second story, and
“ felt a painful emotion in thinking
“ that it was perhaps your chamber;

EI pictured you, my daughter, full of
“ foreboding thoughts, of terror, of
“ resignation, and of piety. I pleased
“ myself with thinking that, whilst
“ you were invoking the Almighty,
“ your prayer was heard, and that
“ God was conducting me to your
“ deliverance! . . . I went up alone to
“ the iron-gate of the castle, the
“ gloomy quiet of which surprised
“ me. I rang, and an old maid-ser-
“ vant came out, and spoke to me in
“ a German accent. I gave her to
“ understand that I was a Monk, and
“ was come to ask a lodging; on
“ which she immediately opened the
“ gate. She led me to a little room
“ on the ground floor, where she left
“ me alone, and went for a light, and
“ sheets for my bed. She returned in
“ a few moments, when I seized the
“ opportunity to ask her if the master

“ of the house was at home? “ No,”
“ replied she, “ but he is expected in
“ a few days.” I put other questions
“ to her, and perceived that she was
“ afraid to speak, but had a great in-
“ clination to do it, which gave an
“ odd turn to all she said. She an-
“ swered me at first with a dryness
“ that made me hold my tongue;
“ and then, without being questioned,
“ she told me several things with the
“ mysterious air of confidence. In
“ this way, she informed me that Shau-
“ ritz, who had the care of the house,
“ was a German, that he did not
“ know a word of French, was very
“ fond of money, and had the ma-
“ nagement of every thing in the ab-
“ sence of her master, whom he served
“ much more from interest and habit
“ than attachment. I turned all this
“ intelligence to advantage, and I was

convinced that Heaven had really
“ chosen me for your deliverer, as,
“ by good fortune, which could not
“ have been the effect of chance, I
“ speak the German language, hav-
“ ing passed the earlier part of my
“ life among some relations of my
“ mother’s; and had I not been able
“ to express myself in that language,
“ my journey would have been com-
“ pletely fruitless.

“ I went to bed full of hope. I
“ rose as soon as it was day, and de-
“ sired the maid to tell Schauritz that
“ I wished to speak with him for a
“ moment, and would wait for him
“ by the river side, near the boatman’s
“ house. I then left the castle im-
“ mediately, not being willing, when
“ I opened myself, to be within, at
“ the power of the keeper. Schau-
“ ritz came to me about seven in the

“ morning. I told him that a hu-
“ mane lady, touched with pity, on
“ hearing that you were in the hands
“ of a severe and rigorous father, was
“ desirous of fixing you in a retired
“ place where you would never be
“ known; that it was intended you
“ should change your name; and that
“ a report of your death was to be
“ spread: I added, that I had thought
“ of a mode of carrying you away,
“ which would render the plan very
“ easy; and I gave him an account
“ of it. I summed up the whole by
“ saying, that if he would come in to
“ my proposal, I would give him fifty
“ louis. Schauritz considered like a
“ man exceedingly tempted, then re-
“ plied, that his master had sent him
“ word that he would reward him
“ very liberally, if he found he had
“ been very vigilant in his guard over

“ you. I told him that his master
“ was ruined. Schauritz did not look
“ as if he believed me, desired some
“ hours to consider, and left me with-
“ out concluding any thing. An un-
“ expected event suddenly determined
“ him. On that very day some offi-
“ cers of justice, accompanied by two
“ creditors, came to the house to affix
“ seals every where. Schauritz, now
“ assured, by proof positive, of the
“ state of his master’s affairs, no
“ longer hesitated, but came to me, and
“ we agreed that he should bring
“ you to me at midnight. I gave
“ him ten louis as earnest, and pro-
“ mised him the rest on your enter-
“ ing the boat. I kept my word with
“ him. You were so agitated that
“ you did not observe me give him a
“ purse, which he received, holding
“ the rope tied to the boat; nor did

“ he let the rope go till he had examined and counted the money.
“ Schauritz came again, and brought the portmanteau with your clothes.
“ The story he is to tell his master is this: he is to write to him, that, being lodged in the apartments ordered by him, you had conceived the mad design of escaping through one of the windows that looked directly down upon the Rhone, as you had been able to discern an empty boat fastened to a ring in the wall; that you had cut your sheets into strips, and tied them to your window; that these were found the next day broken, your window open, one of the ledges of the boat bloody, and the train of a muslin gown hanging on it. These particulars will, in fact, be all contrived by Schauritz, and seen by wit-

“ nesses; so that it will pass for a
“ certainty that you were drowned in
“ the Rhone. Schauritz can never be
“ suspected of having been bribed, as
“ you had neither gold nor jewels to
“ give him. He is not now afraid of
“ his master’s return, as a messenger
“ has been dispatched to inform the
“ wretched man of the seizure made
“ at Rosmal Castle, where, conse-
“ quently, he will not venture to put
“ a foot. Schauritz means to endea-
“ vour to settle himself in a different
“ way; and I have told him, that if he
“ faithfully keeps the secret of your
“ being alive, as well after as before
“ he leaves his master, he may confi-
“ dently apply to me for protection
“ and service; and I have given him
“ a direction that he may write to me,
“ if necessary. I wished to apprize
“ you of some of these particulars,

“ and to spare you the terror you
“ must have experienced on being
“ dragged out, in the middle of the
“ night, to the river-side ; but Schau-
“ ritz, from a ridiculous mistrust,
“ never would undertake to deliver to
“ you a note, written in French, which
“ he could not read. He even re-
“ fused to carry my bare signature to
“ you, constantly repeating as his
“ reason, that it had nothing to do
“ with the success of the thing. As
“ he was ignorant of his master’s
“ crime, he could not, indeed, know
“ all you had to fear from him. I
“ cannot express to you what I felt
“ while waiting for you in the boat
“ from nine o’clock at night till
“ twelve ! Not that I doubted suc-
“ cess—the dreadful storm that rose
“ did not for a moment shake my re-

“ liance; but I thought of your
“ fears, and felt them all!...

“ Great God! said I, it is to make
“ your power more striking in the
“ eyes of this child, that you have
“ chosen a feeble old man for her
“ deliverer! It is your pleasure that
“ these weak hands should steer her
“ into port, in spite of the darkness
“ of the night, in spite of the angry
“ waves and stormy winds! She has
“ *not taken for her support an arm of*
“ *flesh*; she has placed her whole
“ trust in you, and it is your will
“ she should know that it is to you
“ only she owes her safety!... No,
“ these thick clouds that obscure the
“ heavens, these flashes of lightning
“ that dazzle the sight, cannot ter-
“ rify me. Canst not thou, Lord,
“ by one word of mercy, *give light to*

“ *them that sit in darkness and in the*
“ *shadow of death, and guide our feet*
“ *into the way of peace**?..... I had
“ scarcely said this, when I heard the
“ masts of a large vessel at anchor
“ near the ferry, the size and strength
“ of which I had admired in the day
“ time, break and fall with a tremen-
“ dous noise; yet our little bark, so
“ violently tossed about, outrode the
“ whole fury of the tempest!... Ah!
“ cried I, what is apparent strength,
“ if God leaves it to itself!—Here
“ Schauritz, in German, gave me the
“ signal we had agreed upon. When
“ you came into the boat, I blessed
“ God, who, in confiding to me so
“ dear a trust, had stimulated me to
“ devote all my care to its preserva-
“ tion, by having infused into my

* The Prophecy of Zacharias.

“bosom an affection for you truly
“paternal.... You were nearly faint-
“ing; and as I was afraid of giving
“you a dangerous shock if I abruptly
“made myself known to you, I hesi-
“tated some minutes before I spoke..
“You know the rest, my child....”
Clara, penetrated with affection and
gratitude, wiped the tears from her
eyes, and cried: “Yes; I am your
“child; I wish in future to live only
“to obey you, certain that in doing
“that, I shall always perform the will
“of God.”

At that moment the striking of a
clock was heard, which, in so soli-
tary a place, surprized Clara. “It is
seven o’clock, said father Arsene;
come, my daughter, and hear the mass:
I was going to inform you of my de-
signs for you....”—“My father,” in-
terrupted Clara, “if, during this

night, in which Heaven so miraculously directed us, you devoted me to God, my whole soul will ratify the engagement!..."—"No, my child, you are free. Who can say what God designs you for!..."—"I own, a cloister would be the asylum I should prefer to all others. Will you permit me to fix myself in one for life by irrevocable vows?"—"In your situation it is impossible: if it were to be declared who you are, you would not be received, and even your father might oppose it; you would fall again under his authority, and you would make me break my word with Schauritz. To procure your admission, then, it would be necessary to take the vows under a fictitious name, and even to produce a surreptitious certificate of baptism. Thus, you see, you must not think of it; and as you have given

me the rights of a father over you, I forbid you, my daughter, to bind yourself, on this point, by any secret and conditional vow."—"I will obey you; and believe me, my father, that I should never have engaged in a vow without consulting you."

Conversing thus, father Arsene and Clara crossed the wood. They had walked about half a mile, when Clara perceived a hermitage on the side of a hill, covered with a beautiful vine. At the same time she saw coming down the slope a hermit of a venerable aspect, though ten or twelve years younger than father Arsene. "This," said Arsene, "is the dearest friend I have." Joy sparkled on the hermit's countenance, as he went up to father Arsene, whom he saluted most tenderly and respectfully. Clara, who had never seen a hermit, looked

at him with a curiosity mixed with surprise; for the beauty of his countenance, the dignity and polish of his manners, gave a very striking appearance to his whole person. He was accompanied by a youth, between thirteen and fourteen years old, his pupil, and the sole companion of his solitude, who, at his desire, took Clara's portmanteau from father Arsene, and carried it to the hermitage. The party went up the hill, and, leaving the hermitage to the left, entered a spacious grotto, formed in a rock entirely by the hand of nature: a simple quick-set hedge shut in the entrance. The inside was completely lighted through an opening in the middle at top: festoons and garlands of vine-leaves, ivy, wild roses, and bindweed, formed themselves around the opening, and suspended, as it were,

in air, hung down within the cavern, composing, at that part of the vault, an elegant crown of flowers and green leaves. At the end of the grotto stood a plain altar, of smooth gray stone, surrounded by fine orange-trees, and near a natural fountain, the limpid and pure water of which had worn itself a channel through the middle of this rustic temple. The hermit, when he consecrated this grotto, in which the place of his grave was marked, had made an endowment, by which one of the monks of the convent, in the neighbouring little town, was obliged to come and say mass there every day. No one ever came to this rustic chapel through hypocrisy, or seemliness, or curiosity, to admire the master-pieces of the arts. There prayer was always the sincere expression of real feeling and perfect faith; and heart-felt piety

there found the greater consolation. There it was that Clara, thanking God with all the effusion of a grateful and glowing heart, recovered not only new strength, but entered upon a new life. She prayed with hope for Valmore!.... She might there again think of him; religion permitted her to depose, in the bosom of God, wishes of so pure a nature as might have been the effusions of Christian charity alone.

God vouchsafed to answer her... She started....her cheeks coloured with the liveliest carnation....her eyes, bathed in tears, remained fixed upon the vault....her hands were clasped in rapture.... God spoke to her!.... She no longer breathed, she listened.... She heard a voice, mysterious but distinct, say to her: *Thou shalt be blest even on this earth. More than half a century of happiness shall make thee amends for*

a few months of suffering. This consoling oracle, which might be produced by the imagination, was received with the liveliest faith, and made a sudden change in Clara's mind. Instead of the strength that sprung from the courage and resignation she had hitherto exerted, she was endued, not for a moment of fervour, but for ever, with the strength of victory. In the confidence, in the certainty of a prosperous and brilliant issue to her misfortunes, a celestial joy infused itself into her heart, healed all its wounds, took full possession, and settled in it. Relieved at once from the apprehensions of foresight and actual anxiety, she saw in her existence but one care necessary, that of never deviating a moment from the glorious path of virtue. She went out of the holy grotto, strengthened

against the past, satisfied with the present, and calm as to the future.

This revolution in Clara's existence was brought about by so many habitual thoughts, by a life so replete with innocence, and by so great a number of generous sacrifices, that even considering it only as a simple effect produced by a fervid imagination, there would be nothing surprising in it to those who are acquainted with the human heart. But this wonderful and sovereign power of the imagination is given only to virtue; vice can never have it. Vice, ever gross, acts upon the senses, and not upon our nobler parts; it inflames the blood, virtue elevates the soul: extreme fervour could not exist without a grand motive of admiration and love; and one of the curses of supreme wisdom on vice and pretended

virtue is this anathema: *Thou shalt never feel true enthusiasm.*

From the grotto, the party went to the hermitage, where a rural repast, at once elegant and simple, was prepared. Father Arsene told Clara that he intended to carry her to his niece's house, on a rich farm near Rochelle; "and," continued he, "in order to avoid observation in this neighbourhood, we will remain where we are till night, when we will proceed with horses, which will be procured for us, to the little town close by; and there, at nine o'clock, we shall meet with a public carriage that will take us to Rochelle." Clara was highly pleased with this arrangement; and, after dinner, expressing a great desire to know how the friendship between the hermit and father Arsene arose, the former assured her that he

should have great pleasure in gratifying her curiosity; "for," said the hermit, "father Arsene is the only hero of my story; and the narrative of my misfortunes must likewise always be that of his kindnesses and of his generous actions." Here father Arsene interrupted his friend a little sharply, rejecting and forbidding such praises: the hermit promised that he would in future leave facts to praise him; and, after a moment's recollection, commenced the following narrative:

"I shall not detail the errors of
" my youth. Those I should only
" remember, to bewail them before
" God. I shall only relate the con-
" sequences of them, and the event
" which brought me here.

" I am the last branch of an il-
" lustrious family.... my name, which

“ I have made a vow never to tell,
“ will never be known to any body
“ but father Arsene.... In my youth
“ I was misled by violent passions;
“ they hurried me into impru-
“ dencies and extravagancies, which
“ brought me into disgrace at court,
“ and almost completely ruined my
“ fortune. At that period, I was
“ about five-and-twenty—an unfor-
“ tunate event procured me the hap-
“ piness of father Arsene’s acquaint-
“ tance. Being at Paris, in the
“ month of September, I was sud-
“ denly awakened towards morning
“ by a great tumult: I rose hastily,
“ and learned that a fire had just
“ broke out with violence in the
“ house next to mine. At first, little
“ assistance could be given, and in
“ less than twenty minutes the fire
“ had made a dreadful progress. I

“ ran down to my own court-yard;
“ as the day appeared, and saw that
“ the fire would soon spread to my
“ house, if the communication were
“ not immediately cut off; and, in-
“ deed I had no hope of saving it,
“ for on that side the flames were
“ raging so violently, that none dared
“ go near it. The workmen on the
“ tops were all leaving it, when I
“ saw a company of monks boldly
“ walking on the burning roofs which
“ were falling on all sides. Intre-
“ pid soldiers! Heroes of christian
“ charity! they who for themselves
“ had for ever renounced all worldly
“ goods, were braving danger and
“ death, to save the lives and pro-
“ perty of their fellow-creatures!
“ They seized the axes from the
“ flying workmen, and advanced,
“ led on by one, who, by his tall

“ and majestic stature, and the bold-
“ ness of his mien, seemed fitted to
“ to command them. He rushed into
“ the most dangerous place, and gave
“ the first stroke of the axe, at the
“ same time keeping his eye on his
“ companions, and showing them
“ what they ought to do. They
“ succeeded in cutting off the com-
“ munication, but their retreat was
“ very dangerous; and he particu-
“ larly, whose courage and presence
“ of mind I had admired, was in im-
“ minent peril; for, having advanced
“ a good deal farther than the others,
“ he was the hindmost in returning;
“ and his agility could not save him
“ from being severely burnt in the
“ legs and arms: he had, however,
“ a still more serious accident; for a
“ burning joist, giving way, fell
“ upon his shoulder and dislocated

“ it. The violence of the blow
“ threw him down, and he was
“ thought by all the spectators in
“ my court-yard and in the street,
“ to be killed : he had attracted ge-
“ neral notice ; and the interest he
“ had excited was shown by the
“ united cries of the multitude
“ sounding as if it were but one—
“ the joy too was universal, when he
“ was seen to rise and walk away.
“ I flew to the next house, and ar-
“ rived at the moment when the
“ brave monk, wounded, and in a
“ most deplorable state, was coming
“ down into a little garden : he was
“ supported by several persons, for
“ his strength was entirely ex-
“ hausted. I took him into my own
“ arms, saying, that it was my right,
“ as he had saved my house ; into
“ which, with some assistance I car-

“ried him. I sent for a surgeon,
“saw every thing done for him, and
“took care of him till he was in a
“state to be removed to his con-
“vent, to which, in spite of my en-
“treaties, he would absolutely re-
“turn. You have, no doubt, al-
“ready guessed that this monk was
“father Arsene. He was then about
“eight-and-thirty years old.—Thirty
“years have since elapsed.—Time
“has made some alteration in his
“features, but his heart has never
“changed!

“After that period, my life was
“but a dreadful chain of misfor-
“tunes. At length, I thought them
“completed, by the treachery and
“infamous conduct of a woman
“whom I had the misfortune to love
“passionately. One tie, however,
“I had still in life; a faithful friend!

“ —The rebellion having again broke
“ out, I set off with my friend for
“ the army of the Royalists, and we
“ were at the battle of Villemur,
“ where the Duke de Joyeuse, who
“ commanded the rebels, was de-
“ feated and drowned in the Tarn*.
“ Victory had begun to declare for
“ us, when I saw the only friend I
“ had left on earth, fall dead at my
“ side.

“ I had promised him to support
“ life; but in the wildness of my
“ grief, I thought his death gave me a
“ right to dispose of myself.—“ I
“ may now die!” cried I, darting
“ forward into the enemy’s ranks;
“ not to seek glory there, for which
“ I had lost all relish, but the ter-
“ mination of an abhorred existence.

* Antony-Scipio de Joyeuse, brother of the ca-
puchin warrior, father Ange de Joyeuse.

“ I fought a long time with desperation without receiving a single wound. At last, as night came on, and at the very moment when the enemy was put to the rout, I received two stabs by bayonets: falling, I was trod under foot by horses, became senseless, and was left for dead on the field. The battle, which had been a long one, was not over till night, and the conquerors, thoroughly fatigued, postponed burying the dead till daylight. The field of battle was at a distance from every place of habitation. The nearest house was the parsonage of a small village, the priest of which had lately died. The duty of the parish had been done for a week past by a monk, who had the cure till a new priest should be appointed. This monk, learn-

“ ing from flying or straggling sol-
“ diers, that the battle was over, de-
“ termined to go by himself and vi-
“ sit the field, in the hope of saving
“ some of the victims of war from
“ death. After walking near a mile,
“ he came upon that plain, which a
“ few minutes before had presented
“ the most tumultuous picture of
“ hatred and fury; and which, now
“ silent and solitary, offered to view
“ only the sad effects of discord,
“ lands torn up, and death. The
“ monk, guided by the tenderest
“ feelings of humanity, went over
“ this sad ground shedding pious
“ tears at sight of the warriors
“ stretched in dust; and, daring to
“ interrogate death, examined all the
“ bodies. He called to them in a
“ sympathizing voice: Echo, that
“ had rung through the day with

"warlike shouts, whispered in this
"gloomy night only the mild ac-
"cents of pity. Here this ambas-
"sador of Heaven, putting one knee
"to the ground, lent down to listen,
"to catch a sigh, and to bestow a
"last benediction. While his fer-
"vid charity lavished superfluous
"cares, every thing around him was
"cold and motionless: in pressing
"lifeless bodies in his arms, he stained
"his clothes and hands with blood
"to no purpose. But God, who
"inspired him, was with him. A zeal
"so holy was not to be fruitless....
"his reward was at hand....an unfor-
"tunate being was to be saved... He
"approached me, put his hand on
"my heart, felt a feeble beating,
"and, transported with joy, raised
"me, bound up my wounds, and
"put me upon his shoulders, deter-

“ mined to take me home with
“ him (c).-

“ When I recovered my senses, I
“ found myself in a room, on a bed,
“ and in the arms of a man whose
“ face I did not see.... It was some-
“ time before I could recover the
“ broken thread of my ideas; and
“ when I did, it was only with hor-
“ ror that I found myself restored to
“ life, and I abandoned myself to
“ the furious transports of despair...
“ Who ~~has~~ called me back from the
“ dead? cried I; what unfriendly
“ hand determines to prolong my tor-
“ ture?.... Whoever you are, expect
“ no gratitude from a wretch who
“ has lost every thing, and who
“ wishes to die.....leave me! Saying
“ this, I made a painful effort to
“ raise myself: in turning, I looked
“ in the face of the person who had

“ me in his arms.....and guess my astonishment when I recognized father Arsene !.... I had not seen him since the time he saved my house from fire, that is to say, for two years: the sight of him, without making any change in my determination, struck and amazed me, and I remained silent.—‘ No’, said he, ‘ you shall not die; I will take care of that.’—These words rendered me furious again.—‘ Hear me,’ said I; ‘ you may spare yourself superfluous sermons; I know all that can be said against the intention of depriving myself of life, but I am forsaken by God and man, and may at least enjoy one pleasure more, that of glutting my rage.’—I here attempted to snatch off the dressings he had applied to my wounds; on which he seized

" my hands, and held them strongly
" in his own: in the weak state I
" was in, being able to make but
" little resistance, I was choaked with
" rage.—‘Hear me, in your turn,’ said
" he: ‘I see that you have foresworn
" all sense of religion: but you are
" a soldier, and perhaps honour is still
" dear to you....in a Frenchman it may
" outlive reason.’—On this, I ceased
" to contend, and listened.—‘Would
" it not be a dishonourable action,’
" continued he, ‘after the fatigue I
" have borne to bring you here in
" the middle of the night, to com-
" mit the shocking crime you medi-
" tate, in my house, in my very bed,
" which I have given up to you?
" From under this roof I have no
" claim upon you; but here I have
" rights secured to me by honour.’—
" This speech made a deep impres-

“ sion upon me, of which father Ar-
“ sene took advantage, and made me
“ give him my word of honour, that,
“ while I was with him, I would
“ make no attempt upon my life;
“ that I would suffer my wounds to
“ be dressed; and that I would take
“ whatever he gave me to drink or
“ to eat. All this I solemnly pro-
“ mised, on condition, that he would
“ send for no surgeon, that he would
“ call me only by my christian name,
“ and that he would let it be sup-
“ posed that I was nothing more
“ than a common soldier; for I did
“ not wish that any one should come
“ to look for me in that house,
“ from which the troops were yet
“ at no great distance. The small
“ village near the parsonage, was
“ at that moment completely de-
“ serted: all the inhabitants had left

“ it in consequence of the war, except five or six old men and some
“ invalids, whom father Arsene took
“ care of.

“ Father Arsene, who was equally
“ anxious for my recovery and my
“ conversion, acted with prudence
“ as well as zeal. Exhortations I
“ should have rejected; he gave me
“ none: but his presence and his
“ conduct spoke every moment to
“ me of God.....The doctrine of the
“ gospel shone in all he did.....He
“ took care of me with an affection
“ and a simplicity of manners, which,
“ in spite of me, forced my gratitude. I made a determination to
“ speak to him only dryly and shortly,
“ and often rudely; for I was sensible, that if I yielded to what I
“ felt, he would gain an ascendancy
“ over me which I did not wish to

“ give him. I several times told
“ him that he disturbed and woke
“ me, to which he replied; ‘ if I
“ were to go to bed, I should fall
“ asleep.’ He sat up with me every
“ night, and attended me without
“ speaking. When not otherwise
“ employed, he read his manual. He
“ prayed a great part of the night,
“ but very low, and so concealed by
“ my bed, that I could not see him
“ without raising myself, and putting
“ my head out of the curtains.
“ While he was in that posture, I felt
“ myself greatly moved—I had no
“ doubt that I was the chief object
“ of the prayers he was addressing
“ to Heaven. I thought his prayers
“ had an effect upon me; I became
“ gradually more and more anxious
“ while they lasted. But I struggled
“ against those salutary emotions,

“ and the instant my thoughts turned
“ on my situation, I was again
“ plunged into despair.

“ My wounds were dangerous:.....
“ father Arsene who had studied surgery in his youth, well knew my
“ state, and on the eighth day he
“ despaired of my life. At night,
“ after dressing me, he sat down by
“ my bed-side, and looking at me
“ with great tenderness, said: ‘Un-
“ fortunate young man, you are dying
“ —I shall grieve for you as long
“ as I live.’—The voice in which he
“ spoke these words went to my heart.
“ ‘Do not make yourself unhappy,’
“ said I, ‘I have no comfort on earth,
“ and my soul is blasted by misery:
“ I do not deserve your sorrow.’—
“ I stopped; a dreadful oppression
“ prevented my speaking any more.
“ Father Arsene thought that I was

“ expiring; he felt my pulse, and,
“ greatly alarmed, fell on his knees:
“ ‘ O God of mercy!’ cried he, ‘ spare
“ his life, or vouchsafe to show thy-
“ self to him by a sudden light!’—
“ It is impossible to describe the ef-
“ fect produced by these words on my
“ heart and imagination. I had ne-
“ ver heard father Arsene pray aloud,
“ or even seen him kneel but pri-
“ vately, and apart: his animated
“ action, his clear voice, his pathe-
“ tic tone, struck me with an inexpressible sensation.... my vain regrets,
“ the remembrance of my misfor-
“ tunes, all vanished from my mind....
“ all gave way to one single, new,
“ and terrible thought, the dread of
“ God’s judgments irrevocably pro-
“ nounced, and perhaps in a few mi-
“ nutes.—I found myself on the slip-
“ pery brink of an abyss, with no other

“support than the guardian angel whose
“fervent prayers kept me suspended
“there.--He had ceased speaking, but,
“still on his knees, he continued pray-
“ing inwardly for me. A clear view
“of my faults prevented me from call-
“ing upon God; I was lost in the
“contemplation of superior power,
“and did not dare to pray.—I waited
“my sentence, trembling.—Father Ar-
“sene, suddenly rising with transport,
“flew and embraced me; saying,
“with all the enthusiasm of inspira-
“tion: ‘Yes, your eyes will be
“opened; they will be struck with a
“celestial light; God himself will
“vouchsafe to speak to your heart:
“purify yourself to hear him.’ Had
“these words proceeded from the
“mouth of a prophet, they could not
“have inspired more respect and sub-
“mission. I obeyed without hesita-

“ tion, and with all the candour of the
“ liveliest faith; for religious faith
“ may be acquired in a moment, and
“ then it is never afterwards lost. To
“ be lasting, it does not stand in need,
“ as all human opinions do, of habit,
“ feelings, and preparatory notions.
“ It sometimes makes its way by in-
“ sensible degrees; but it may also be
“ granted as I received it: and this
“ miracle, so well known, should at
“ least convince the incredulous of
“ the great advantage of religion.
“ Was ever human wisdom known to
“ calm thus suddenly all the agonies
“ of despair; to give to the speech of
“ man such a degree of power; to
“ infuse at once a healing balm into
“ the wounds of a broken heart, and,
“ obtaining by its exhortations the
“ most painful sacrifices, to restore,
“ in an instant, a wretch, the sport of

“ his passions, to virtue?—I confessed, without disguise, all my errors, and I took a comfort in thinking that my friend, my benefactor, had received from God himself the power of absolving me.—The only exhortation he gave me were in these words: ‘ My son, if your days are already counted, die in peace; but, if God restores you to life, remember that there is no piety without gratitude, no true repentance without expiation.’

“ I passed a quiet night. The next morning, father Arsene found me rather better ; and, in three days, I was entirely out of danger. I had nothing remaining of my despair, except a rooted disgust to society, and a firm determination to let it be thought that I had lost my life at the battle of Villemur. This was

“ easily accomplished: I had paid all
“ my debts, and was master of a con-
“ siderable sum of money, which I
“ had secured about my person in a
“ belt on the day of battle. I had no
“ idea of retiring to a cloister: it was
“ not a retreat alone I wanted, but
“ an absolute solitude. I staid eight
“ months with the invaluable friends
“ whom Providence had given me.
“ At the end of that time, he quitted
“ his cure, and was sent on a mission
“ to this wild country, whither I ac-
“ companied him. Charmed with
“ these solitary banks, I here built
“ my hermitage, and resolved never
“ to quit it. Here, after having ex-
“ perienced the most violent, the bit-
“ terest effects of the passions, I have,
“ for eight-and-twenty years, enjoyed
“ a tranquillity; the full charm of
“ which time has made me feel. Free

“ from anxiety, and from the dreadful
“ torments of an ill-guided sensibility,
“ I devote my days to contemplation,
“ yet not uselessly to others. This
“ humble roof, like all other hermi-
“ tages, serves for a shelter to travel-
“ lers; and, imitating the ancient her-
“ mits, I go to the neighbouring
“ town whenever there are epidemic
“ and contagious diseases there, to
“ take care of the sick: and unhap-
“ pily the occasions happen but too
“ frequently (*d*). Then, I take a short
“ journey every year to the wild coun-
“ try that was cleared and civilized
“ by the care of father Arsene. The
“ good people there are always happy
“ to see a disciple of their *first father*;
“ for so they call one who was at
“ once their instructor, legislator,
“ first pastor, and most affectionate
“ friend (*e*).”

Here the hermit concluded his narrative, with which Clara was extremely interested, as father Arsene had a most noble part in it. At night they took leave of the hermit, who had procured them a carriage and horses which conveyed them to the town, where they placed themselves, at midnight, in a public diligence that set out for Rochelle.

They had a safe journey, in which nothing remarkable happened. They arrived, in the end of October, at the farm where Clara was placed, and put under the care of a respectable family, living in affluence and perfect harmony. The proprietor of the farm, named Jerson, a man just turned of forty, was considered in the village as a model of filial piety, and as the best of husbands and of fathers; he was, of course, esteemed the worthiest man

in the district: for, in the country, domestic virtues are still the criterion of morals, and always form the best basis of reputation.

Jerson had a wife worthy of him, two daughters of thirteen and fourteen years old, three charming infants, and a mother in her fifty-seventh year, the niece of father Arsene, and on whom Jerson lavished the warmest affection and tenderest attentions. The house stood alone, on the sea-side, and at a considerable distance from the village; but there being a number of men employed on the farm, who were constantly about the family, themselves always active and employed, the result was a very lively scene. Father Arsene, both revered and beloved in this family, was received with rapture: it was ten years since they had seen him. They were not ignorant of his

being a celebrated preacher, both at court and in town; and, notwithstanding village simplicity, they were proud of belonging to him; they were as vain of his talents as of his piety. His talents, indeed, had served only to defend or support truth; his successes, arising from virtue, might be confounded with his good actions; his glory was only the result of the purest sentiments and of the most exalted ideas. The two girls, who had scarcely left their cradle, when he saw them last, were introduced to him, and the three little children, whom he had never seen, were put into his arms. Minds truly religious enjoy, beyond all others, at least generally speaking, family affections. Father Arsene resembled, in every thing, that holy bishop of Geneva, who, since his death, has been sur

named, the *Fénélon* of his age (*f*) : he had, like him, the most endearing affection for his relations. The happiness he felt in being once more at a place so dear to him, was, however, allayed, by recollecting that he was called away by duty, and that he was under the necessity of going next morning as soon as it was light.

Clara, received with the most endearing cordiality under the name of Olympia, was delighted with the whole family, who had none of the rusticity which even the wealthiest in this condition do not entirely shake off; and, indeed, there was a tradition, still very fresh, of a descent of noble blood in the female line : be that as it may, they possessed a certain delicacy and manners not commonly found in those days among country people. They had enriched themselves by honourable

labour and industry, and were become possessors of considerable estates, though still subject to a superior lord. Clara grieved the more at father Arsene's going so soon, that the term of his absence was left nearly indefinite: he was not to return unless she should find his presence indispensably necessary to her. Clara's beauty excited great astonishment in the farm. They could not account for her remaining single so long: the character of him who introduced her, however, prevented all uneasiness, and she was treated as she deserved to be. They would have joyfully received her without any interested view, but father Arsene thought proper to pay for her board, that she might be under no constraint. The family passed the evening, assembled round the good monk; they asked advice of him, and

listened to him with filial respect: the young girls especially, who had never heard him before, showed a lively attention, which nothing could divert. From time to time their grandmother looked at them, to enjoy their admiration; and her look, sweetly interrogative, said, or seemed to say: "When I spoke to you of father Arsene, did I deceive you?"

The parting of Arsene and Clara was affecting and painful. "My daughter," said the old man, "though I shed tears in leaving you, I feel a pleasure in putting you into the hands of Providence alone... At my age, a separation like this is sad and awful. Depend upon my devotion as long as I live; but, my child, do not depend upon my life."—"Oh! my father!" replied Clara, "I have no need to learn that your life is useful to me; so deeply

sensible am I, that it is necessary to my happiness ! Yes, happiness ! That strange word in my mouth did not escape unthinkingly.....Oh ! I should be happy in this retirement if you could live here with me !” As she spoke, a shower of tears bathed her cheeks. The old man, too much affected to reply, blessed her in silence. Clara, in this last adieu, fell on her knees. Father Arsène raised his hands to heaven, and groaned as he left her : he vanished....and Clara found herself alone in the world.....She no longer had a friend !

Clara remained for some time absorbed, and was not roused from her oppression till, hearing a stir in the house, she was afraid that some of the family might be coming to her apartment, on which she instantly left her room, and went out of the

house. She had walked about a hundred paces, when she found herself close to the sea, which she had never seen, and which on that side was concealed by large plantations. The sound of the waves breaking on the shore, gave her notice of being near it, and she stopped to collect her ideas, that her first view of the magnificent sight might not be interrupted by clashing emotions. The melancholy aspect of approaching winter, joined to the gloominess of a solitary coast, formed the prospect before her. The old elms, thickly planted on this shore, were no longer the emblems of strength and pride; far from raising their heads to the skies, they bent their mis-shapen trunks and branches robbed of half their leaves, humbly towards the sea; they had been able to withstand the

rage of tempests, but it was easy to see how much they had suffered by them. So too, the storms of life, however brave the struggle made against them, never fail to leave melancholy marks of their violence. The traces of the mischief caused by the passions are deep and indelible!

Clara, advancing to the edge of the cliff, made a turn, and her eager looks rested on the immense expanse of the boundless ocean. The first emotion of surprise was a tribute to the creator of such wonders: she dropped one knee to the ground, extending her hands and arms towards heaven, thus silently admiring, silently adoring God. So many exalted sensations, so many noble thoughts at once took possession of her heart, and rushed into her imagination, that she conceived herself initiated into all the secrets of

divine greatness. With this image of infinity, her fancy combined the ideas of boundless power and goodness; a delightful contemplation to innocence and virtue, conveying to the mind the consoling charm of a hope, vague but sublime!—Clara long forgot herself in a sweet reverie, in which she continued till the family came to look for her. In their way back to the farm, they carried her to the village, where she stopped a considerable time. This maritime village had not the least resemblance to any that Clara had ever seen. Of the families settled here, the eldest boy, who was to inherit the house and lands, was always brought up by his parents to cultivate the patrimonial grounds; and his brothers, who only received a moderate portion paid down, went to sea in search of fortune, or at least of

hope. After long absences, these returned to their native cottage; attracted by the love of their country, filial tenderness, or soft engagements. Yet these youths, ill-treated by the law, and neglected while children, never knew a mother's love till the moment of their departure: then it was that, accompanied to their ships by mothers bathed in tears, or by young disconsolate wives, all the mournful feelings of nature and of love were bestowed upon them. The idea of their dangers, the sight of that deep and stormy sea, which carried them so far from home, all seemed to conspire to prevent their ever being forgotten. During their absence, what apprehensions! what painful emotions! what tears! But true piety kept alive the hope of seeing them again, and dispelled the frightful images of pre-

aging fancy. How often, among these villagers, has a lighted taper on a Madona's altar, a *neuvaine**, or a pilgrimage, had power to calm the greatest anxieties, and restore peace to the agitated heart of a mother or a wife!... But, what a triumph for the voyagers, when they returned! What joy for their parents! What glee throughout the village!... It often happened that he, who went away a child, was seen returning a man, invigorated by fatigue, and improved by labour and danger: every eye turned upon him, and he was gazed at with an astonishment mixed with admiration. "He has been in the Indies! He has been round the world! He has seen China... who, but he!"—With what delight will he in future de-

* Acts of devotion which lasted nine days.

fray the expense of the *veillées*!* With what attention, is he listened to! All the girls shudder at the recital of his adventures. His eldest brother, however, the quiet countryman, who has never quitted his village and fields, secretly jealous, perhaps, of so much glory, shows at times a little incredulity: but the indignation of the company soon reduces him to silence. The voyager tells, and as he tells, believes incredible things, and impossible facts: for he thought he saw them; besides, realities would appear to his hearers quite as wonderful as his stories.

The mixture of rural manners and maritime occupations, gave this village a peculiar and pleasing appearance. Among the inhabitants, there

* Parties of villagers, or artisans, assembled to work together and chat sociably.

was an astonishing degree of learning, derived from experience and tradition, united with all the prejudices of ignorance, and all the simplicity of a country life. The inside of almost all the cottages was ornamented with the productions of India, and of the ocean: these were at once ornaments and trophies that attested long voyages, and dangerous navigations. Here, it frequently happened, that the same hands were alternately employed in building vessels, and making ploughs: the men, divided into two classes, presented, on the one hand, a view of boldness, of the spirit of adventure, and of all the agitations produced by ambition and curiosity; and, on the other, the interesting picture of innocence and of peace—happy fruits of moderation and virtue!

As Clara appeared charmed with the village, it was proposed to carry her, the next morning, to the *Hill of Hope*. Accordingly, the good Helen, Jerson's mother, as soon as it was day, accompanied Clara to an elevated ground, overlooking the sea. On coming to the top, Clara was surprised to see a kind of monument, which appeared to her to be symbolical, and which she little expected to find in a village: it consisted of a ship's anchor, leaning against a cross. "Here," said she, "is Hope supported by Religion; an ingenious emblem; and how appropriate on a spot, whence the eye can discover every ship coming into this little harbour, and even those bound to Rochelle!" Clara, on this occasion, judged as almost all travellers judge, according to the knowledge she had acquired,

and her own ideas, and not according to the manners, education, and life of the people of the country. Dame Helen did not understand Clara, never having heard of emblems. "This promontory," said she, "is called the *Hill of Hope*: because when we expect the arrival of any ship, all mothers and daughters come here to look out for it (*g*)."—"But what," replied Clara, "is the meaning of that cross and an anchor?"—"Oh!" said Helen, "that is a history, and mine; if you like, I will tell it to you: the weather is fine, and I shall not be wanted to-day at the farm, for two hours to come, so that we may stay here." Helen, as she said this, sat down on a turf seat, made at the foot of the cross, and seeing Clara eager for the history, related it nearly in these terms:

“ Heaven blessed me with only one
“ child, my son Jerson, who was
“ still in his cradle when I lost my
“ husband. I then made a vow ne-
“ ver to marry again, and I found no
“ difficulty in keeping my promise;
“ for my son was every thing to me.
“ I was happy in thinking that, ac-
“ cording to the custom of the coun-
“ try, this darling boy, by inheriting
“ the farm, would be always with
“ me, and that I should never have
“ the pain of seeing him go to sea. I
“ gave him as good an education as
“ he could receive in the country;
“ he repaid all my cares: while a
“ child, his master proposed him as
“ a pattern to all the other scholars;
“ and, when he grew up, he was al-
“ lowed to be the most prudent, dili-
“ gent young man in the country, and
“ one who best knew how to conduct

“ and make the most of a farm. I was
“ the happiest of mothers; but was soon
“ to become the most to be pitied!...
“ After my son attained his seven-
“ teenth year, I observed an extraor-
“ dinary change in his disposition.
“ He was melancholy, thoughtful,
“ and silent; and, at the same time,
“ determined to conceal from me the
“ cause of his uneasiness. I suspected
“ he was in love with the daughter of
“ our nearest neighbour, Cecilia, whom
“ he afterwards married, and he frankly
“ confessed it to me. Cecilia was
“ only fifteen years old, and had no
“ great expectations. My son might
“ have made a much more advanta-
“ geous match, but, as his happiness
“ was all I had in view, I promised
“ him my consent when Cecilia was
“ in her eighteenth year. This pro-
“ mise seemed to satisfy him, but he

“ nevertheless continued sad. It was
“ the middle of winter: as I ascribed
“ his dejection at home to his love of
“ Cecilia, I advised him to go and
“ pass his evenings at her mother’s
“ house, which is out of the village,
“ and not far from ours. Cecilia has
“ three brothers: the two younger
“ ones, who had been abroad above
“ three years, returned at that time.
“ They were received with double
“ joy, from there having been a report
“ spread, for some months, that they
“ had been cast away. At the *veillées*
“ given by my neighbour, they were
“ all in all. They told by turns fine
“ adventures, and were listened to
“ with an attention which, in spite of
“ me, gave me a secret pain. I
“ envied their mother, who boasted of
“ children who had seen so many
“ things; or rather, I was vexed that

“ my son had not the glory of it, and
“ was not attended to and admired
“ like these two young men. I was
“ hurt with Cecilia for being so en-
“ grossed with the accounts given by
“ her brothers, that my son could
“ scarcely engage her attention for a
“ moment in the course of an even-
“ ing. These thoughts gave me very
“ great pain. I frequently took plea-
“ sure in contradicting the two young
“ mariners, and in lowering the merit
“ of the actions for which they were
“ praised: then, fearing to be suspected
“ of jealousy, I became embarrassed,
“ stammered, and ended with being
“ angry, almost always intentionally,
“ in order to interrupt, at least, those
“ stories of storms and shipwrecks,
“ which I could not bear to hear. To
“ complete my distress, I observed
“ that the stories told by Cecilia’s

“ brothers, threw my son into extraor-
“ dinary agitations. While they were
“ speaking, he could scarcely draw his
“ breath; he reddened, appeared in
“ rapture, and tears frequently started
“ to his glistening eyes; in short, the
“ state he was in struck every body, and
“ made me suspect the secret he had so
“ long kept from me. I saw that his ma-
“ lady sprung from the desire of taking
“ long voyages at sea. I questioned
“ him, and he confessed that such, in
“ fact, was the cause of his habitual
“ sadness, which he should never have
“ ventured, he said, to declare to me,
“ if I had not found it out.... ‘ I am
“ not sorry,’ said I to him, ‘ that I
“ questioned you; for, as you could
“ conceive and cherish a design, the
“ idea of which is a pang to my
“ heart, you would, in the end, have
“ divulged it to me yourself, and my

“ questions have, at least, saved you
“ that cruelty.’ As I spoke, I wept
“ bitterly. My son threw himself at
“ my knees, mingling his tears with
“ mine. ‘ Oh my mother!’ said he, ‘ it
“ is particularly my love for you that
“ makes me wish it...’—‘ What do
“ you say? Great God!...’—‘ Yes,
“ my mother: have not I seen, since
“ the return of Cecilia’s brothers,
“ how much you suffer at the *veil-*
“ *lées!* and can I bear to think
“ that there is in the village a mother
“ prouder of her children than you
“ are of me! a mother that raises
“ envy in you! I always wished to
“ take a voyage; but I should never
“ have determined upon it, if I had
“ not seen that you would be the
“ happier.’.... These words increased
“ my tears. Think of my grief, and
“ how I reproached myself for a

“ weakness which it was useless to
“ deny; for my son had too much
“ sense, and knew me too well to be
“ deceived: my agitation was ex-
“ treme. ‘Pray, be calm,’ said my
“ son. ‘Think, my mother, think of
“ my return, and how I shall be re-
“ ceived, and feasted...’—‘Alas! my
“ child,’ cried I, ‘I can think only
“ of your absence.’—‘I,’ replied he,
“ ‘think how you will receive me after
“ my voyage. It will be my turn,
“ then, to have Cecilia listen to me!
“ and my mother will be proud of
“ it, nor feel any more pain at our
“ *veillées*.... See, my mother, how all
“ sailors are treated! In their youth,
“ almost all the girls prefer them to
“ the peaceable farmers; and, in their
“ old age, they like to sit round them,
“ and hear them talk.... They have
“ been in so many dangers; they

" have seen so many extraordinary
" and wonderful things!—' Ah! my
" son,' said I, ' if it was to defend
" your country, I should not want
" courage; but to see you quit your
" business, forsake me, leave me lonely
" and disconsolate, expose your life,
" and sacrifice mine, to go wander-
" ing over the ocean to see savages
" and desert islands!.... For, I know
" very well that you will not sail in a
" merchant ship like the young sailors
" who go out to make their fortunes;
" for yours is already made. You
" inherit the best estate in the dis-
" trict...—' Well! my mother,' cried
" he, ' others leave their country in
" pursuit of money; I shall endure
" the same fatigues, and brave the
" same dangers, for the sake of
" glory.'—' Say rather for the sake of
" curiosity and vanity....—' Nay, my

“ mother,’ said he, ‘ if I have any
“ vanity, it is your wish to be vain of
“ me that inspires it.’

“ Our conversation was a very long
“ one : in the end, my son, in spite of
“ his ardent desire to go to sea, would
“ not go without my consent. This
“ I refused. He yielded to my will,
“ but not without extreme chagrin;
“ and he fell into so deep a melan-
“ choly, that his health was soon visi-
“ bly affected. I no longer held out;
“ and, from that moment, though
“ with a dagger in my heart, I ceased
“ to complain, and strove only how
“ to hide my grief. My son gave me
“ his word never in his life to take
“ but this one voyage. But, what a
“ voyage!—The ship in which he
“ chose to embark, was bound to the
“ East Indies, and was to sail on the
“ first of May. It was then the end of

“ March.....Oh, how wretched were
“ the intervening days to me ! I could
“ no longer look with pleasure at my
“ son ; on the contrary, the sight of
“ him was always accompanied with
“ a dreadful oppression at the heart ;
“ at the same time, I felt that he was
“ dearer to me than ever. Mean
“ while, I counted each day with
“ dread, and each night I shed tears,
“ saying : ‘ His departure is four-and-
“ twenty hours nearer.’...With what
“ mournful sensations did I see the
“ spring advance ! All that, in that
“ season, had been used to charm me,
“ made then a sad impression. How
“ painful to me was the sight of the
“ first flowers I saw blow, and the
“ buddings of the hawthorn, that an-
“ nounced the approach of May !...I
“ seemed to lose my strength, and felt
“ my powers gradually decay, as all

“ nature revived, and our fields put
“ on their smiles. In vain did our
“ cultivated lands promise a plentiful
“ harvest, the reward of our labour,
“ when waves and winds were about
“ to take far from me my happiness
“ and dearest hopes...Outwardly, how-
“ ever, I displayed a courage at which
“ every body was astonished. To
“ have discovered my sufferings, would
“ have injured my son; a thought
“ that rendered it easier for me to
“ conceal them: besides, I was anxious
“ that he should embark without
“ uneasiness or remorse. At length,
“ the dreaded day arrived. I em-
“ braced my boy without shedding a
“ tear. Could I think of my own
“ grief, when I saw him a prey to
“ pangs, which he had little foreseen;
“ unable to tear himself away from
“ me, repenting too late, and ready to

“ sacrifice to me the voyage so long
“ contemplated and so ardently de-
“ sired! If I had spoken but a word,
“ he would have staid; but his ho-
“ nour was dearer to me a thousand
“ times than my peace, or even than
“ his life. It was no longer time to
“ recede. I put on a firmness which
“ deceived him, and he flattered him-
“ self that I should be able to live
“ in peace, in spite of the seas by
“ which we were soon to be sepa-
“ rated... Pale, and in tears, he threw
“ himself on his knees, saying in a
“ broken voice: ‘ O, my mother,
“ forgive your child!..... If I had
“ known!’... I did not let him pro-
“ ceed, but interrupting him, gave
“ him all the blessings of a mother...
“ He left me!.... But twice returned
“ from the shore to embrace me
“ again... At length he embarked...

“ If you could know what passes
“ in the heart of a mother, how
“ would yours be affected with the
“ account of my sufferings!... It is
“ possible to paint the torments of
“ love, but not to give an idea of the
“ pangs of a wretched mother!... ”
“ I passed the first fortnight of
“ my son's absence, in complete so-
“ litude, resolving not to see any of
“ my relations. I could not bear
“ the thought of any one's coming
“ to see me with an idea of consoling
“ me; that some should tell me, that
“ I was unreasonable, and that others
“ should censure my son for thus
“ leaving me. The approbation, or
“ disapprobation of his conduct was
“ equally displeasing to me: one
“ thing alone gave me pleasure, the
“ praise universally bestowed on his
“ spirit.

“ I was very much affected, when I
“ next saw little Cecilia: she was
“ dejected and altered; and, from that
“ moment, I regarded her as really my
“ daughter. I begged her mother
“ for her; took her to live with me,
“ and enjoyed the delight of being
“ able to speak of my son at all
“ times. Cecilia frequently wept with
“ me; she grieved, and conceived
“ the pain I felt, but was far from
“ sharing it: every day diminished hers,
“ and her sleep was tranquil....every
“ thing gave vigour and poignancy
“ to my grief. I took upon myself
“ the care of my son’s bed-chamber,
“ where I went every morning to
“ open the windows: the sight of
“ this room unoccupied, constantly
“ produced a kind of sinking at my
“ heart: and, ah! what I felt in look-
“ ing at the deserted bed, while I

“ thought there was nothing on
“ board the ship but comfortless
“ hammocks!.... Could I enjoy all
“ the conveniences of life, when I
“ conceived that my son was en-
“ tirely deprived of them?.... One
“ day, at dinner, Cecilia praised the
“ pureness of the water we were
“ drinking: ‘ Alas!’ said I, ‘ they
“ never have any like it at sea!’ and
“ as I spoke, my tears mingled with
“ my drink.... In the garden, in the
“ orchard, I still found food for my
“ sorrow: here, my son had formed
“ an arbour, or planted a tree; there
“ he had raised the vegetables: he
“ had loved and embellished these
“ spots, now forsaken by him. And
“ what did he prefer to these
“ sweet labours and peaceful life?
“ Unknown lands, peopled by sa-
“ vages, and frightful dangers!....

“ Oh ! what madness is it, not to be
“ able to remain fixed where we are
“ tranquil, and beloved !—These pain-
“ ful thoughts pursued me every
“ where. How I suffered, in going
“ into the fields, not to find him
“ superintending and directing the
“ farm !... But of all my recollections,
“ the most painful were those of his
“ infancy, of those happy days to a
“ mother, when our children love
“ only us, and never leave us wil-
“ lingly.... Then it is we are alive to
“ present tenderness, and future ado-
“ ration ; for we believe, that as they
“ grow up, reason and memory will
“ add to their natural affection all
“ the sacred ties of gratitude.—What
“ fresh anxieties did every day
“ awaken !..... I was obliged to re-
“ move to our little farm, which was
“ annexed to that on which we lived,

“ to walk every morning by the sea-
“ side, and to go to the place where
“ they were building vessels.... Some-
“ times I stopped on the shore when
“ the sea was calm, wishing to ac-
“ custom myself to look at it without
“ horror; but, notwithstanding its
“ smoothness, its inconceivable ex-
“ tent so dismayed me, that, in a
“ few minutes, I became motionless
“ and petrified, endeavouring to mea-
“ sure in imagination, the immense
“ space that separated my son and
“ me..... Cecilia, who never left my
“ side, took me in her arms; for I had
“ not strength to support myself.
“ Think then what I endured when
“ the waves ran high! During this
“ cruel absence, how was my soul
“ shaken by storms! When I have
“ been suddenly awakened in the
“ middle of the night, by one of

“ those tempests so common in spring
“ and autumn, I have instantly con-
“ ceived I saw a ship foundering in
“ the waves.... The roaring of the sea,
“ or the whistling of the winds, al-
“ ways raised this shocking image
“ in my mind. Thus, I suffered
“ without ceasing, and I had neither
“ pleasure nor comfort. I was even
“ still more to be pitied, at the pe-
“ riods when joy itself spreads
“ through the fields: at the times of
“ the vintage and of the harvest,
“ the general gaiety, but the more
“ embittered my sorrow.

“ I should have sunk under the
“ weight of my grief, had it not been
“ for the care of our good pastor.
“ He came often to see me, spoke to
“ me of Providence, and assured me,
“ that God protected good mothers:
“ his discourses were of infinite ser-

“ vice to me. That great cross of
“ stone you see there, has always
“ been upon the *Hill of Hope*. This
“ turf seat was put here by my di-
“ rection ; and I made a vow to God,
“ to come and say a prayer, at the foot
“ of the cross, every morning and
“ evening, till my son’s return. Be-
“ sides this, I went a pilgrimage to
“ *Notre-Dame-de-Pitié*, in a village
“ three leagues off, in which there is
“ an image of the Holy Virgin, that
“ has wrought a great many miracles.
“ It wrought one for me: for, after
“ my pilgrimage, I found myself quite
“ strong, and quite full of hope. As
“ true as I live, a voice within me,
“ assured me that I should see my
“ son again, and that he would never
“ more leave me. God gave me pa-
“ tience and courage ; I scarcely had
“ any more gloomy ideas ; and when,

“ at long intervals, they returned, a
“ prayer at the foot of this cross dis-
“ sipated them entirely. I have, how-
“ ever, been made to shed many a
“ tear on this hill by an affecting
“ sight. Here, I perpetually met the
“ mothers, wives, and sisters of sai-
“ lors, who came to look out for the
“ ships, the return of which was ex-
“ pected. I saw their raptures when
“ they knew the vessels: they raised
“ their hands to Heaven, and poured
“ forth their thanks, while I had only
“ to pray!..... In what ecstacies did
“ they fly down the hill to the shore,
“ to receive their husbands, brothers,
“ or children!..... Sad and aghast, I
“ remained alone on the hill, where I
“ exclaimed: ‘ How wretched must
“ I be, when the happiness of others
“ only serves to increase my suffer-
“ ings!’....

“ In this manner, passed the time
“ of my son’s absence, that is to say,
“ near two dreadful years. At last,
“ there came several lettres which
“ prepared us for his speedy return;
“ and I too, felt the joy which I had
“ so much envied, of visiting the
“ Hill of Hope with delightful expectation !... One morning (it was the
“ 3d of August), the news was brought
“ to me, that the ship, in which my
“ son was, had been seen off the
“ coast, and that it would certainly
“ come to anchor that very day, in
“ the little harbour; and that I
“ should, consequently, see him before
“ sun-set. At these glad tidings, Cecilia threw her arms about
“ my neck, crying : ‘ O ! my mother, I have this very day completed my last *neuvaine* !...’ We
“ were presently out upon the Hill

“ of Hope. Would you believe, that,
“ though I knew my son to be so
“ near me, the joy I felt was mixed
“ with anxiety, and the most painful
“ agitation!.... The ship was yet at
“ some distance, and when I thought
“ of him, setting his foot on the
“ shore which he was never more to
“ leave, I could not credit that such
“ happiness was in store for me... In-
“ deed, the sky was gloomy, there
“ was every appearance of a storm,
“ and I was not ignorant, that this
“ part of the shore was of difficult
“ access in bad weather... I looked
“ with dread at the clouds gathering
“ over our heads; I shuddered at the
“ violent motion of the sea, and the
“ beating of my heart grew quicker,
“ as I observed the agitation of the
“ waves increase.... The wind soon
“ rose to a terrible height, thunde^r

“ was heard, and a darkness over-
“ spread the whole prospect..... Alas!
“ I had come here to watch my son’s
“ arrival; and I dreaded to discover
“ the ship on the raging sea... I did
“ not know which way to look;
“ lightnings flashed from the skies,
“ and the sight of the sea filled me
“ with horror. ‘ O, my son,’ cried
“ I, ‘ have you escaped so many
“ dangers, to return and perish on
“ our own coast before my eyes !...
“ No, no, God will take pity on a
“ mother in despair!’... Saying this,
“ I crawled to the cross, and the
“ ardour of my prayers supported
“ my life: had it not been for my
“ trust in God, this horrible tem-
“ pest would have killed me, or at
“ least deprived me of all energy. I
“ prayed aloud, in a piercing voice;
“ I conceived that my cries, which

“ prevented my hearing the winds,
“ must appease them..... In half an
“ hour, I rose to look at the sea,
“ and I was terrified at the noise and
“ height of the waves. I was as much
“ astonished and confounded, as if I
“ had never seen a storm: this appeared
“ to me, beyond every other, prodigious.... My son was present to my
“ mind, and the storm, that threatened
“ his life, was to me an unparralleled
“ convulsion of nature. I stood motionless with terror, my eyes fixed
“ on the sea, when, by a flash of
“ lightning, I suddenly saw my son’s
“ ship, the head of which, as it
“ mounted on a wave, seemed to
“ touch the clouds..... I thought the
“ lightning had struck me at the same
“ moment, and I fell with my face
“ to the ground, crying: ‘ O God!
“ save my son!’... As I fell, I heard a

“ frightful noise ; a thousand voices
“ were crying out at once, on the
“ shore, for the whole village was
“ assembled there ; *Help ! help ! they*
“ *are lost !....* I fainted away.... when
“ I recovered my senses, I found my-
“ self in my room, to which I had
“ been carried. I was on my bed—
“ my recollection was very imperfect
“ —yet the weight of my oppression
“ was not lightened—I felt the whole
“ of it, for I said to myself ; *My son*
“ *is lost !.....* No longer desiring to
“ see, or hear, or live, I uttered no
“ complaint, I shut my eyes, and lay
“ without moving. Presently, I felt
“ an icy hand take hold of mine, and
“ press it strongly : I started, opened
“ my eyes, and saw near me a figure
“ pale and trembling : ‘ Great God !’
“ cried I, ‘ it is the spirit of my
“ son !....’ As I uttered these words,

“ I fainted.... Every assistance was
“ given to me, and I returned to
“ life, but with a frightful de-
“ lirium, which lasted ten or twelve
“ days: I recollected nothing but
“ the supposed death of my son,
“ and the having seen his spirit. Our
“ priest talked to me in vain: I did
“ not attend to him, but begged his
“ prayers for my son, continually re-
“ peating: ‘ He is suffering, I am
“ sure—pray for him, pray for him!...’
“ Yes, he was suffering indeed, for
“ he was standing by, bathed in
“ tears, and in anguish at my situa-
“ tion.... ‘ Am I,’ cried he, ‘ to lose
“ my mother! to be the cause of her
“ death! God will not restore her re-
“ collection, for she would bless me,
“ and I deserve only her curses!’...
“ While my son bewailed himself,
“ my affliction was measureless: he

“ no longer dared to appear before
“ me, persuaded that, in my unhappy
“ state, I should always take him for
“ a phantom; for I thought that I
“ had seen him perish, and nothing
“ could efface the idea. Our friends
“ were the more alarmed at my de-
“ rangement, as it was attended with
“ no fever, and as I had become ra-
“ tional on every other subject.

“ At this crisis, father Arsene came
“ to see us: I recollected, I revered him.
“ He had been the instructor of my
“ earliest years, a tender remembrance
“ of which I had always preserved.
“ The moment I saw him, I burst into
“ tears, and besought him to pray
“ for my son. ‘ They want to per-
“ suade me,’ said I, ‘ that he was not
“ lost; but I saw him dead; I have
“ twice seen his spirit bewailing...’ Fa-
“ ther Arsene knew that my ima-

“gination had been, too strongly
“wrought upon, to admit my being
“restored to reason by ordinary
“means: he long listened to me in
“silence, which at last, he broke in
“a solemn manner, by saying: ‘He-
“den, do you believe, that all things
“are possible to God?’—‘I do, fa-
“ther,’ replied I.—‘Do you remem-
“ber,’ said he, ‘the history of the
“widow of Zarephath? or, more par-
“ticularly, that of the Shunammite,
“which we read together, and which
“you liked so much?....’—‘The Shu-
“nammite!....’—‘Yes, God raised
“her son....’—‘O my father!....’ A
“violent palpitation at the heart pre-
“vented my saying any more. ‘Be-
“calm, my daughter,’ said father Ar-
“sene, ‘for I have great things to
“tell you....’—‘Yes, yes,’ exclaimed
“I, with inexpressible transport,

“ ‘God can do all things.... But, am I worthy of a miracle?...’— ‘No creature is worthy of it,’ replied father Arsene; ‘nevertheless, such is the supreme mercy, that many have been wrought for sinners stained with crimes: so that, without failing in humility, you may hope...’

“ He had scarcely finished these words, when, in spite of my extreme weakness, I started up from my chair, and fell on my knees, saying: ‘O my father, go on, and explain yourself!...’— ‘Well then, my daughter,’ replied father Arsene, ‘God has restored your son to you....’— ‘My son risen from the dead!’ cried I.— ‘Yes, my daughter,’ said father Arsene, ‘he lives!...’

“ ‘appear Jerson,’ continued he, raising his voice, ‘appear, come and embrace your mother, and join with

“ her, to bless and thank God.’ As
“ he said this, my son threw himself
“ into my arms...

“ I know not what became of me,
“ or what I thought at that moment,
“ the happiest of my life!... I only re-
“ member, that my love of God,
“ mingling with my affection for my
“ boy, filled my heart with a cele-
“stial feeling, the very recollection
“ of which, still transports me, and
“ elevates me above myself. My son
“ and I pressed each other to our bo-
“ soms, and remained long on our
“ knees, invoking God to look down
“ upon our happiness... And, did I
“ not in fact, owe thanks to the di-
“ vine mercy for a miracle?—Was it
“ not a miracle to have saved my son,
“ and to have saved only him, from
“ a most dreadful shipwreck?—With
“ happiness and health, I completely

“ recovered my reason in a short time.
 “ My former impressions were how-
 “ ever, frequently renewed, by my
 “ son’s relating to me his adventures,
 “ and the dangers he had gone
 “ through, and by his description of
 “ his shipwreck. I brought him with
 “ me to the Hill of Hope to pray:
 “ here he placed, at the foot of the
 “ cross, the anchor of his ship, some
 “ of the wrecks of which he had
 “ picked up. He shed bitter tears at
 “ the fate of his unfortunate com-
 “ panions, and we took care of three
 “ children, made orphans by that
 “ dreadful event.”

Here Helen finished her story. Clara
 tenderly embraced her, as a mark of
 her thanks for the lively interest she
 had excited in her by her past trou-
 bles, and for the affection she had
 personally inspired. The misfortunes

of those whom we love, rend and torture the heart; but, in the compassion excited by indifferent persons, however painful it be, there is always something pleasing. We give ourselves credit for being susceptible of a gratuitous emotion, in which private friendship has no part; and this secret testimony of conscience is still more gratifying, when the grief is virtuous which calls forth this pity, so generous and so disinterested. He, who has made us shed such tears, has no great efforts to make to become our friend.

Clara returned with Helen to the farm, nor did she quit her the whole of that day. At night, she staid to the *veillée*, and took great delight in asking Jerson questions relative to his voyage, and in hearing him give an account of it, sitting by Helen, who, more than once, let fall her spindle to

look at Clara, whose natural astonishment and emotion charmed her. In the course of the evening, one of the young women was asked to sing *Aline's Complaint*. She blushed, looked down, and, continuing to spin, sung the following ballad:

ALINE'S COMPLAINT.

By river-bank, or hillock-rise,

Fair Aline wanders long;

And ever and anon she sighs,

And sings her plaintive song:—

“And what's the name of wife to me?

Or what a mother's joy?

No husband's cheering smile I see,

No father clasps my boy.

“Ere well that I could call him mine,

Our nuptial knot scarce tied,

He left me lonely here to pine,

A sad, forsaken bride.

Why did he vow a lasting love,

Yet give his heart to gold;

Far, far in search of wealth to rove,

O'er fearful billows roll'd?

" O happy day that made thee mine,
Uniting love so true!

O mournful day that made me thine,
To bid a long adieu!

While yet the sprightly dance and lay
We hear upon the plain,

The seaman's signal bids away—
My husband ploughs the main.

" What dazzling scheme or magic shore
Could tempt thee thus to roam,

Preferring dangers, dross, and ore,
To happiness at home?

What envious hope's alluring lie,
Impell'd thee hence to roam?

To thee unknown a mother I
And born unseen thy son.

" This lovely boy renews my pangs,
And seems to share them too:

While round me thus he crying hangs,
He calls, my Love, on you.

Can India's wealth any tears repay,
Or ease one anxious fear?

O! then return; chase gloom away,
And seek your treasures here."

This ballad was sung with a distinct
articulation, and a voice clear, just,

and full, but without pathos or modulation; there was, however, so much innocence in the sweet monotony, that it gave more pleasure than a song with more expression and science would have done: for one must have lived long in great towns, and in the world, not to be surprised and hurt at hearing young women expressing the passions, with all the energy and sensibility arising from experience, and a recollective fancy.

From that day, Clara felt herself pleasantly situated in this agreeable retreat. The simplicity of manners and perfect harmony, which reigned throughout the family, at once excited her love and admiration; and, on this occasion, as on every other, she blessed father Arsene, who had found her so delightful and safe an asylum.

Clara accustomed herself to go alone

every morning, when the weather permitted, to the Hill of Hope. There, banishing from her mind the sad remembrance of her misfortunes, she thought, with delight, of the happy dream she had had on the Rhone, during that memorable night when, after being rescued by father Arseme from a danger of the most frightful kind, the little boat, in which they were, floated down the river, at the mercy of the winds and of the stream. She reflected too, with similar pleasure, on the kind of inspiration which she had experienced at the chapel of the hermitage. She still heard the interior voice which pronounced this prediction: *Thou shalt be blest even on this earth. More than half a century of happiness shall make thee amends for a few months of suffering.* "Yes, yes," said she, "God, in his infinite

mercy, has vouchsafed to speak to his weak creature!... His communication was not made to me by mortal organs; my ears heard nothing, but every one of those divine words were engraven on my soul!... In that moment of ecstasy, all of mortal about me seemed to be dissolved. Celestial recollection! I will carry it to Heaven with me, for there is nothing terrestrial in it. On earth too, I can enjoy it: the horrors of the past are all effaced by it... What is it to me that I cannot comprehend how I shall become *happy*? God hath said it; what do I want more?... At the moment that I was going to be married to Valmore, could I conceive that he was so soon to ex-
~~ecrate~~ *ex-ecrate* me; and that, instead of being led to the altar, I should be covered with ignominy and dragged to the scaffold!... The impenetrable veil of

futurity cannot be drawn aside but by the all-powerful hand that rules the universe. O eternal wisdom ! O goodness infinite ! Thou concealest from me evils, the thought of which I should not have been able to bear ; for I knew only my weakness, and had no conception of the strength Thou couldst give me. And, in the abyss into which I am plunged, Thou vouchsafest to announce happiness to me ! To promise it, is to bestow it.... No more troubles, no more tears for me : I shall be *happy* !.... I shall ever preserve that faith, which has hitherto sustained and strengthened me, and which, in the horrors of a prison, and amidst the apparatus of death, infused inexpressible delight into my heart.... I shall be *happy* ! I shall never cease to walk in the paths of the righteous ; and Valmore will be comforted ; he

will be comforted by me. I shall hear him declare his sorrow for his frightful mistake; I shall see him fix his eyes upon me with a look of repentance and tenderness!... O my God! Thou wilt strengthen me, that I may not die with joy, that I may support this change!..." Clara saying this, alone, and at the foot of the Cross on the Hill, shed tears of pleasantness. She no longer lived but to the future; and her imagination was so struck with the idea that a great change in her lot would sooner or later take place, that she was in constant expectation of some extraordinary event. This thought kept her in agitation, but gave an animated flow to all her days, notwithstanding the sameness of the life she led. In the morning, when she woke, she always asked eagerly if any letters had been brought for her.

ather Arsene, was her only correspondent; and, whenever she received a letter from him, she was always greatly agitated, as if she expected to find important news in it. If she heard a man on horseback, galloping in the farm, she immediately imagined it was a courier to her. This perpetual agitation animated, without fatiguing her; for all her emotions were pleasant, all her anticipations being fortunate. A year and more had thus elapsed, when the peaceful country, of which Clara had become an inhabitant, suddenly assumed a different aspect.

The Calvinists of Rochelle, ever restless and factious, as they had been for nearly two centuries, had, at length, raised the standard of rebellion. The Duke de Rohan was at their head. In that prince were united all the qua-

lities, and all the faults, which make the leader of a faction the idol of the people. Still young, eloquent, generous, courageous, and bold, he possessed all the requisites, if not for leading men skilfully, at least for seducing and hurrying them away for a while (*h*).

The English, called in by the Rochellers, appeared off the coast, with the intention of supporting the rebels, and made a descent on the isle of Ré. Toiras, unable to contend in the field against the English forces, after endeavouring, in vain, to prevent their landing, retreated to the fort of St. Martin, which was besieged in form. Toiras, a more expert general than the Duke of Buckingham, who commanded the invaders, found means to protract the siege till the arrival of Schomberg, with succours. The Eng-

lish general then re-embarked, with such precipitation, that two-thirds of his army were lost *. The Rochellers persisting in this rebellion, the Duke d'Angoulême, at the head of a Royal army, sat down before Rochelle, and besieged it †. The whole appearance of the surrounding country was now changed : there was no more dancing, no more sports, no more tranquil *veillées* ! Uneasiness and fear superseded sweet security. The rustic pipe became dumb ; nothing was heard but the clash of arms, and warlike trumpets. The girls dreaded meeting soldiers wandering in fields, too frequently

* From history.—The Authoress asserts that eight thousand were lost ; but the whole army amounted only to seven thousand. The number lost is stated, by Rapin, to be five thousand ; other historians say two-thirds of the army.

† From history.

destroyed by them; yet, through curiosity, they concealed themselves to look at them, and secretly admired their handsome appearance, confidence, and spirited mien. They compared them with the villagers; and more than one shepherd had cause to complain of the lass whom he loved. The peaceful cottagers never admitted the soldiers into their cottages but with distrust and jealousy: for those who fight for the state, and those who feed it, are not formed to live together: the former should never sigh for repose, the latter would be wretched were they to envy the pomp of glory.

Amidst this tumultuous scene, Clara felt inexpressible anxiety: for she knew that Valmore commanded a division of the Duke d'Angoulême's army. She no longer dared to go to the Hill of Hope, to stir out of the

farm, or even to show herself; but she prayed night and day for the success of the King's arms, and for the preservation of the life of Valmore, who, still oppressed with grief, found a consolation, worthy his noble character, in the dangers of a war carried on against rebels, leagued with the enemies of France.

Valmore, in consequence of the story told by Schauritz, which was generally spread, believed that Clara, in attempting to escape from Rosmal Castle, had been drowned in the Rhone. He could not regret one whom he believed he was bound to abhor; but the thought of that angelic form perishing so early in life, in so dreadful a manner, pursued him every where, and renewed all the horror of his former feelings.

Valmore, thinking it requisite, for

the operations of the siege, to establish a post at Jerson's farm, ordered a detachment of his division to march to the place, and put himself at their head. It was on the 20th of November, at ten in the morning, that this body of troops entered the farm. Though at the commencement of winter, the weather was so serene, that Clara, on that day, could not resist her inclination to go and take the air: she was in the garden when she heard the trampling of the horses in the great court. She was struck motionless with surprise.... In a few minutes she saw some soldiers, who, on perceiving her, ran towards her. Clara, terrified, fled with all her speed, piercing the air with her cries as she ran. Fright gave her wings, yet the soldiers were coming up with her, when she heard, about twenty paces behind her, a voice

she could not mistake, the voice of Valmore, who had been attracted by her cries.... The soldiers made off. Clara, in spite of her extreme agitation, had the presence of mind to hide her face with her apron, which she threw over her head; but had no sooner done it than, unable to support herself, she fell upon the grass. Valmore, struck with the elegance and beauty of her shape, and pitying her terror, felt for her. The clothes she wore were such as to leave it uncertain whether she were a peasant or not; but she had gloves, and the delicate shape of her hands made it impossible to take her for a village girl. Valmore, after a rapid view, which was not unattended with emotion, went up to her, and putting out his hand to her: "Take courage," said he, "I will see you back to the house,

and I promise you shall be perfectly quiet and safe..." Saying this, he assisted her to rise. Clara, confounded, staggered; but, with her right hand, still kept over her head the apron, that hid her face. Valmore had no doubt that she was handsome, and was highly pleased with the timid modesty which made her afraid to show a soldier a young and charming countenance, that had just exposed her to rudeness. Indeed, imagining the ill conduct of the soldiers, and the insolent speeches their brutal admiration of her beauty might have dictated, he could not think it extraordinary that she should be anxious to conceal it, at that moment, from all other eyes. What did Clara feel, and how did her heart palpitate, as she placed her trembling hand that was free, into that of Valmore!... The dreadful per-

turbation, evident from all her motions, and from her incessant sobbing, greatly affected him: in hopes of quieting her, he spoke to her mildly, and even affectionately; but the more feeling he showed, the more her agitation seemed to encrease. To put an end to so painful a state, Valmore hastened with her towards the farmhouse. Encreasing his pace, Clara was drawn along, till, unable to support her emotions, she suddenly sunk and fell. Valmore, finding that she had fainted, stopped; and, with a delicacy few men would have been capable of, resolved to respect the bashfulness of the interesting stranger. Clara's apron was still over her face, but the hand that had kept it there, had dropped lifeless from its post: her noble protector put his own in the

place of it, and faithfully held it there, in spite of a curiosity which he was rather astonished to feel. He took her up in his arms, and, going on, met Helen coming to look for her. He told her briefly what had happened, and was still speaking, when Clara came to herself. The first thing she did was to raise her hand to her face, where, meeting Valmore's, she pressed it ardently... She had a soul that could estimate the delicacy which had preserved her secret, and one so important to her... But what were her feelings on finding herself in the arms of her deliverer!... A stifled groan, which came from the bottom of her heart, startled Valmore, who, as she now appeared to wish to walk, put her gently on the ground. She bowed low, as if to express her thanks by

action; and, on her taking Helen's arm, Valmore, agitated and affected, hastened away.

Clara returned to her chamber, which was separated from that of Helen only by a thin deal partition. Valmore punished the soldiers who had run after her, and turned them away from the farm; where he established counter-signs, and rules of the strictest kind, for the maintenance of order, decorum, and peace. Whatever was consumed, was immediately paid for; and Jerson, delighted with this conduct, displayed, on his side, all the good-will and heartiness of a patriot. He lodged Valmore in the best room in the house, that which was Helen's; and it was his wish that his mother, and his two little girls, should take part of Clara's; which, as we have seen, was adjoining to that given to

Valmore. Jerson was delighted, thus to place his mother and daughters under the guard and protection of a man, who united in so high a degree the qualities which at all times have distinguished the French officer,—the most brilliant valour and generosity.

It was not without a secret regret that Clara admitted Helen and her grand-children to a share of her chamber. She would always have been sorry to lose the silence of solitude, but in the situation she was then in, company was extremely vexatious. She had just seen Valmore again, and wanted to reflect on all the particulars of that unexpected meeting... How the talk of the young folks and their grandmother interrupted her! Their very presence prevented her giving herself entirely up to her thoughts..... Besides, Valmore occupied the room

next to her ; every noise that was made there, even the moving of a chair or table, was interesting to her ; and, anxious to lose nothing of it, she had seated herself against the partition.... She persuaded her companions, that it was not proper that Valmore should hear them laugh and chat, and they at last spoke low ; which Clara had always done, for the fear of being known by Valmore was never a single instant out of her mind ; and that terrible fear, poisoned all the joy she felt at being so near him..... However, she was very sure that he thought her dead, which made her easy as to any suspicions, which might otherwise arise in his mind afterwards, in consequence of her perseverance in concealing herself from him. At night, Helen left Clara to go and preside at the supper pre-

pared for Valmore. In an hour after, she showed him to his room, where he talked with her. Clara, affected and trembling, listened attentively... Presently he spoke of her.... he asked her name. " Her name is Olympia," replied Helen, " and she has the face and disposition of an angel!"—At these words, Valmore gave a deep sigh.... He was silent for some minutes, then thanking Helen for her civilities, bade her good night. Clara continued listening, but her little companions came about her, and called off her attention; and for the first time, a little pettishness was observed in her, which was attributed to the painful impression left by the occurrence of the morning.

Between eight and nine o'clock, Helen and her grand-daughters went to bed, and were all very soon fast

asleep. Clara pretending to be greatly interested in a book she wished to finish, did not go to bed. A perfect stillness reigned throughout the house, but Valmore and Clara were neither of them disposed to rest.... Their hearts separated by fate, were at this moment united by a sympathetic emotion.... The shape and grace of the unknown person whom he had served, had strongly renewed in Valmore's mind the figure of one whom he vainly strove to forget. When he thought all the house asleep, he yielded without restraint to his emotion..... he walked distractedly from one side of his chamber to the other every step he took echoed to the bottom of Clara's heart; his unequal and rapid walk was expressive of the perturbation of a soul violently agitated.... He stopped suddenly close

to the partition—Clara started..... she was separated from him only by a thin board!... She held her breath, for she could hear his..... “ Yes,” said he in a stifled voice, “ this unfortunate meeting has upset me!... it produced on me the terrible effect of an apparition!... Unfortunate creature!” continued he, “ has God, in his infinite mercy, pardoned your crime?... Are you in the abode of hope and suffering, where the soul is purified?... Do you implore the pity of the faithful?... Your inconceivable barbarity has condemned me to endless torments; but still I will pray for you!...” Saying this, he threw himself upon his knees. Clara, bathed in tears, clasped her hands, and a deep sigh escaped her. Valmore, bewildered, rose shuddering..... “ Is this an illusion,” cried he, “ or does her soul, repentant and

purified, correspond with mine?..... Has death restored harmony between us!...." At these words, he fell into a chair, and listened in amazement, but heard nothing more. Making use of his reason, he easily persuaded himself, that it was his imagination only that had created the plaintive sigh, which he thought he had heard. Clara, fearful of prolonging and increasing his distraction, had had the resolution to command her feelings. She never stirred till she heard him call a servant; she then went softly to bed: but the idea of Valmore did not suffer her to close her eyes a single instant. Nor did he pass the night more tranquilly; however, an hour before day, being worn out, he fell asleep, and dreamt of Clara, whom his fancy represented to him in dazzling bloom and beauty, with a ce-

lestial countenance expressive of the purest happiness... He woke, exclaiming: " My prayer is heard!.... she no longer suffers!.... She is now admitted into the immortal abode, where eternal mercy so often unites the repentant oppressor, and the innocent victim!... Now, then, am I relived from the torment of never thinking of her but with horror!...." Yielding to this illusion, he shed a shower of tears, nor did reflexion rob him of an idea delightful to him, and which he wished to cherish.

At day-break, he was called, and informed that the Duke d'Angoulême desired he would be at head quarters by nine o'clock. He rose in haste, and as he dressed, thought again of the stranger, the young Olympia.... " We shall no doubt have a battle to-day," said he; " before I quit the

farm, "perhaps for ever, before I go out to shed blood, let me do some kind action to be remembered here.... the master and mistress of the house are affluent; all that can be done for them is, to prevent their being molested.... But the young woman, who is not one of their family, may want assistance and protection; these I will offer her." He then went to his desk, and hastily wrote the following note:

" I have not allowed myself a single question relative to your situation, for you perhaps wish to conceal it: I respect your retirement, and will not break in upon you.... I only know that you are not one of this family, and imagine that you are an inhabitant of Rochelle, retired here to escape the

“ horrors of a siege.... Can I be of
“ any service to you? Open yourself
“ with complete confidence to one
“ who is determined, and particu-
“ larly after this offer, never to think
“ of seeing you. Send me an imme-
“ diate and candid answer.

“ VALMORE.”

Clara, on the receipt of this note, well knowing the writing, was ready to sink... She trembled as she opened it, and the sweetest, the most delightful admiration superseding fear, she bathed the paper with her tears... It was necessary to send an immediate answer, and Valmore knew her writing. Annexed to the room was a little closet, into which she went, beckoning to Honorina, Jerson's eldest daughter, to follow her. There shutting the door, she showed her the note, and then said to her: “ What

happened yesterday, and all these armed people about us, have so agitated me, that I cannot write for trembling. You have a nice hand, my dear Honorina, pray, write for me while I dictate."—"With all my heart," replied Honorina, taking the pen and sitting down, on which Clara dictated this reply, spelling the words as her scribe proceeded :

"Olympia will regard you as her benefactor, as long as she lives. If she wanted protection, she would seek no other than your's. Though she does not accept your generous offer, she thanks you for this new occasion of gratitude."

This note increased the interest Valmore already took in this young woman. He read it again and again, with emotion, and unwilling to take it with him into battle, he carefully

locked it up in a little box. He then left his room, and having assembled his troops, put himself at their head, and marched.

Clara soon learned that Valmore was gone. He had left some things at the farm, saying, that he hoped to return before night; but it was believed that he was going into action. Clara, unhappy, shut herself up in her closet, to weep at liberty. She called to mind all that Valmore had done for her, while he even thought her a monster. She owed her life to him twice; first, when he saved her from the cruelty of a furious mob, and afterwards, when he snatched her from the scaffold.... His generosity had removed her from a disgraceful association; and now, he had just saved her from the talons of brutality!.... O! how warm is gratitude, when the be-

nefactor is beloved !.... What pleasure there is in reckoning his services!... How sweet, to be able to say, that they are inestimable, and that it will be impossible ever to repay them !....

Clara, as she thus recapitulated her obligations to Valmore, held his note in her hand, and read it repeatedly, though she had it perfectly by heart... " Alas!" said she, " these dear words, written by his hand, and so illustrative of his noble character, this affecting note, which I will keep as long as I live, is not addressed to wretched Clara !..... Did he know she was alive, he would still be generous to her, but still would he curse her!... How do I bless his pious mistake !.... The remembrance of me at least is no longer terrible to him."—She still held Valmore's note, which she pressed to her heart, when she suddenly heard

the dreadful report of cannon..... She shuddered.—“ Heaven !” cried she; “ a battle !..... O, Valmore !..... O, my God !....” She was about to prostrate herself, to implore the god of Hosts, when an overwhelming thought struck and petrified her..... Was she still worthy to play with confidence?.. She recollected, that she had promised father Arsene to resist all tender feelings for one, from whom every thing conspired to separate her. The fortunate meeting, she had not been able to avoid; but, for four-and-twenty hours she had voluntarily thought only of him. The more she examined her conscience, the more she trembled, the more her fear increased.... She found in her heart so much perturbation, and an inclination so lively and so tender!..... She had never before been sensible of this

inclination, restrained, repressed as it had hitherto been by religion; and now she had completely yielded to it; her consternation was extreme, on discovering that she passionately loved.... "How," said she; "have I, since our meeting, been able to think of nothing but him?.... I have sat up, I have conquered sleep, to think only of him!... During the night, his figure was constantly before my eyes,—what a dreadful act was I tempted to commit!.... When I heard him pray for me, I was upon the point of making myself known, and revealing all...." Here the noise of the cannon grew more violent, and the reports followed quicker... Clara threw Valmore's note on a table. "Forgive me, O lord!" cried she, "for this inconsiderate weakness. I promise not to read this paper again, to place it in the hands of

father Arsene, and to banish from my thoughts a too dangerous remembrance."... Her loaded heart was a little relieved by this resolution, and she could now pray with hope. Her faculties being all absorbed in fervent prayer, her imagination was prevented from dwelling on the dangers to which Valmore was exposed at that moment; but the terrifying reports of the cannon acted physically upon her, and made her shudder and grow pale; a cold sweat came over her face, and her strength failing, she fell senseless on the floor. Helen, going to her closet, found her in that state. She was brought to herself; and it was thought nothing extraordinary that the fright occasioned by a battle, fought at a short distance from the village, should have such an effect upon one so young and so delicate.

She was placed upon her bed ; and the women of the farm, all assembled in her chamber, where they dined. All that she was told increased her distress. She was informed that the besieged had made a *sortie*, that they had attacked the royalists, and that Valmore commanded the troops sent against the rebels. It was said, that the rebels fought desperately, and that the action, equally obstinate on both sides, must be very bloody.... At three o'clock, the cannonade still continuing, the church bells were heard ringing, and a notice was given that it was meant to call the inhabitants to church, and that the whole village was assembling there, to pray for success to the King's arms. Clara collected strength to perform this duty, and crawled to church, with all the inhabitants of the farm.

Piety, while it sanctifies just sentiments, maintains them by the constant and regular attention of prayer, and gives them stability. A loyal subject is the more attached to his sovereign by believing that his prayers for him will not be fruitless, and by being constantly reminded, by the most solemn acts of religion, that his affection for him is a sacred duty. It is thus that Religion mingles gratitude with her divine observances; thus that she dignifies dependance by love, and consoles us for our own inability to make any return on earth; by the hope of obtaining from Heaven the reward due to our benefactor. Admirable persuasion! which gives to gratitude all the generosity of perfect disinterestedness, as it acts and overflows only in secret, and has no confidant but the divinity; a persuasion

which establishes a sublime equality between the rich and the poor, between the unfortunate and the masters of the world, by an affecting exchange of benefits and benedictions.

The congregation remained nearly three hours at church. The chanting of the hymns and psalms prevented Clara's hearing the noise of the cannon ; but, in the actual state of her mind, how gloomy and funereal did the religious ceremonies appear to her ! the sadness painted on every face, the prayers chanted in a mournful tone, the tapers burning without giving light, the obscurity of the gothic structure, all conspired to make a painful impression on her mind. She melted into tears, yet mingled her broken chants with those of the congregation. She knew that the deepest voice of lamentation rose

soonest to the foot of the throne of the Eternal!...

In half an hour after her return to the farm, the cannonade entirely ceased. Nothing more was heard. The action was over, but the results of it were unknown, and the cessation of the fearful noise, appeared to Clara only as the dread silence of death. She figured to herself the field of battle; that field, so well known to her, and in which she had gathered the last flowers of autumn, now drenched with blood, and strewn with the dead and the dying..... And what is become of Valmore? Is he not wounded? Has he gained the victory? Does he still live?..... Oh! how is it that such thoughts, such tortures should not annihilate our frail existence, which a trifle so often destroys! But, born to suffer, we are powerfully armed by

nature against the most agonizing pains of the heart !...

In a short time, the news was every where spread, that the royal forces were victorious ; and that their leader, Valmore, had acquired the greatest glory, and was unhurt.... Clara, confused by these first tidings, did not yet dare to give herself up to joy : she still doubted ; and a doubt that left open such happiness to hope, only added, if possible, more agony to the fear that was not removed.

Meanwhile, though it had long been night, every thing was in motion at the farm, and in the village.... On a sudden the bells began to ring ; shouts of joy were heard ; the troops were returning victorious, with the conqueror at their head.... Men, women, and children, the old and the young, flew from their cottages, to go and

meet him: most of them ca-
lighted torches of straw, hastily two
some carried lanterns, and several
women took the only lamp they
could boast of. The venerable p-
followed by his clergy, left the ch-
which he had never quitted from
beginning of the battle. By the
of the tapers, the villagers were
rallying round the wooden cross,
religious chants encreased the a-
of the public acclamations; for
good people, in shouting, *Vive le*
meant to honour God, and tho-
they addressed a prayer to him.

During the tumult, Clara, the h-
Clara, was left at the deserted
taking care of two children in
cradles, quietly sleeping, at the
tom of a recess. There, in a n-
stood an image of the Virgin, r-
above the two little beds, w

natural tenderness had placed under her protection; and, in this oratory, Clara, shedding delicious tears, and kneeling between the two cradles, gave thanks to God, with all the transports of the most heartfelt gratitude. She never ceased praying, but to rock the children, and to kiss them when they woke.... How charming a picture does innocence, kneeling and smiling at angels, afford!

In a short time Clara, was hastily roused, by the entrance of Honorina and her sister, who came to inform her that the troops, with the young hero who commanded them, were marching into the village. Clara wished to illuminate the front of the house, and, being seconded by Honorina, a number of candles were collected, lighted, and hastily placed out at the windows: after which, Clara with-

drew and shut herself up in her room. Valmore arrived, and, going into the great hall, found himself surrounded by the whole family. One hands Helen's great chair to him, another brings a glass of the oldest wine in the cellar, while Jerson, and his wife, loudly order the supper for Valmore, his officers, and the soldiers. These last Helen showed to a large barn, where they had been before, and where the servants, male and female, eagerly supplied them with eatables and wine. Five or six of the soldiers were slightly wounded. The young women shuddered at seeing blood upon their clothes, and tore up twenty times more linen than was necessary to dress their wounds. The whole house was in a bustle; Jerson gave a hundred different, and frequently contradictory, orders at once; the women were

flying from the kitchen to the cellar, from the cellar to the hall, and to the barn; some were going, others coming, some shouting, some running against one another, and more than one fell: every thing manifested eagerness and good-will, every thing marked veneration for these brave fellows.

In the mean time Valmore examined every corner of the hall, with anxious looks, but in vain; *she* was not there!... He approved of her reserve. Being a stranger in the family, and so young and handsome, *she* ought to hide herself in a house that resembled a camp. Valmore had performed prodigies of valour; the whole success of this important day had been owing to him; yet was he as sad as ever, and even unable to bear with the gaiety of others. "We are, no doubt, happy," said he, "in gaining a triumph, in a

good cause, but do we not owe regret to the brave companions we have lost? Alas! the day of victory is that of tears; even to the conqueror, if he is humane. And who are the enemies we have been fighting with and slaying? Misguided men, but still our countrymen.... Which of us but must wish that the rebels would return to their duty, and that the royal clemency should extend a pardon to them all?" Saying this, Valmore rose, and gave an order that every body should be ready at seven o'clock next morning, for they were to take the field again, and to attempt an assault. When this was told to Clara, it made her extremely unhappy; she shuddered to think that, next day, she was again to experience all the tortures she had endured on the past long and terrible day. She heard Valmore speak, and

the sound of that loved voice made her melt into tears. She went into her closet, determined to pass the night there: she took up the book of prayers, which she had received from father Arsene, and which she had used in her prison, the evening before she was taken to the scaffold... "This book," said she, "was my consolation, and gave me all the strength I stood in need of, at a moment when the bravest have sometimes failed in courage or resignation: but then only my life was in question.... A sacrifice that may be easily made by a useless and wretched being.... Oh! what a difference now!"...

Clara, unwilling to dwell upon this thought, opened her book, and began to read with all the attention she was capable of; but, from time to time, a scalding tear fell upon the leaf. Every

body in the house was asleep, and the farm was perfectly quiet, till about midnight, when Clara heard a noise. She listened, and heard a man on horseback ride up to the farm gate and knock softly. It was opened, and, in a few minutes, a servant ran in to tell Clara that father Arsene was arrived. She instantly flew out of her closet, to receive her only friend, and dearest protector. Father Arsene, on hearing of the siege of Rochelle, had arranged every thing for hastening to the assistance of his family, and Clara. He had received money from the Charitable Society of Ladies, and he was come to offer to procure Jerson an asylum in Paris, and to propose to Clara to carry her to Germany, where, as it has been already said, he had relations on his mother's side. Jerson determined to remain at his farm; but

Clara did not lose the opportunity of making a sacrifice to God, which she considered as an expiation, and she declared to father Arsene that she was ready to go with him. "Well then, my daughter," said he, "we must set out without delay: as soon as it is day-light the troops will march to battle; let us take advantage of the present calm; let us go...." At these words, Clara turned pale. She reflected that Valmore would go to the assault, and that it would be long before she heard of him..... However, she did not hesitate; she wept as she took leave of Jerson and his wife, who strongly opposed her going away, but yielded on seeing father Arsene so desirous of it. She asked for only half an hour to pack up her things, being particularly anxious to speak to Honorina.

In her chamber, her tears encreased. How near was she then to Valmore!... She gently wakened Honorina, kissed her, and shed a deluge of tears over her. She was glad to have an excuse to weep. She conjured Honorina to write often to her long letters, and to be *very particular*. This expression, she repeated several times; and still, not thinking that sufficient, she ventured to add these words: "And do not forget to send me news of my deliverer." Honorina, unhappy at losing Clara, promised to write to her constantly; and it was agreed that she should give her letters to Jerson, with whom father Arsene meant to leave a plan of their route.

Clara, being ready to join father Arsene, turned to the partition, which separated her from Valmore, and raising her eyes, swimming in tears, to

Heaven, she implored every heavenly aid for him whom she was quitting, and whom she might, perhaps, never see again.... She was wretched as she left the chamber, and, when she went back to Jerson's, her paleness was observed. Jerson and his wife gave her all the blessings of the most tender affection; for she was adored at the farm, of which she had been the admiration and the delight, for her virtues, mildness, sweetness of disposition, and manners. Father Arsene threw a large black stuff cloak, with a hood, over Clara's shoulders; then, tearing her away from the farm, mounted her on horseback behind him, on a pillion, and thus set out with her. The good monk knew, before he arrived at the farm, that Valmore lodged there, and he was overjoyed to snatch his young friend from all the dangers of that

asylum. Scarcely was Clara out of the place, when she felt a delightful calm diffusing itself in her soul. Sovereign power of a satisfied conscience!... The heart is tortured in forming the determination of a virtuous sacrifice, which tears us from what is dear to us; but when the sacrifice is made, a divine voice within, by its approbation, strengthens us, consoles us, and raises us above ourselves....

Mild and calm were now all Clara's sensations: she looked with pleasure at the starry Heaven, and the contemplation of it, brought to her imagination, all the gentle thoughts of hope. By voluntarily removing from what she loved, she dared to depend upon the divine protection, and believed she was securing Valmore's life. She kept a profound silence for some time. "My daughter," said the holy monk,

“are you not afraid to be riding in the middle of the night, through a country full of soldiers?”—“No, father,” replied Clara, “I am not afraid of any thing with you: I remember our voyage on the Rhone.... Besides, at this time, I am at peace with myself...”—“That, no doubt, is a ground of confidence; but do you think, my daughter, that innocence is always to find its reward on earth?”—“O! no, father, for in that case there would be no merit in doing one’s duty.”—“Yes,” said Arsene, “it was necessary, in order to give value to virtue, that it should sometimes in this world, have no other refuge than religion, no other comforter than God; and that vice should sometimes go unpunished. But, at the same time, eternal wisdom has thought proper, that these exceptions,

necessary to the merit of our actions, should nevertheless, be so rare as to render it impossible not to see that the path of duty is always the safest and best, and that the roads of iniquity lead almost infallibly to an abyss of misery. And you may remember this saying of the Holy Spirit; *There is no peace for the wicked.* In fact, you will always see, that though Providence sometimes suffers the wicked man to prosper, he never suffers him to be happy." As the venerable monk pronounced these words, they found themselves near a military post. Clara showed some fear. Father Arsene encouraged her, by telling her, that he had taken every precaution necessary for the safety of their journey. He left Paris furnished with the strongest recommendations to the Duke d'Angoulême.

Before he went to the farm, he had forwarded to the Duke a letter from the Queen-Mother; in consequence of which, the Duke had issued the strictest orders to suffer the monk to pass, and to afford him every protection.

Clara and her virtuous guide never stopped till day-break, when they alighted, to rest at a cottage: in a few hours, they pursued their journey. At night, they came to a small town where they met a diligence, which conveyed them to the frontiers they were to pass in going into Germany. The remainder of their journey was equally prosperous. They arrived in the month of December, in the noble capital of the states belonging to the Elector of ****, one of the most powerful princes of Germany. Clara had more than once heard of this city,

for it was at this court that Montalban had spent a part of his youth. The recollection of this made Clara uneasy; her fear, however, of meeting her father was soon dispelled, for she knew that debt and the ruinous state of his affairs would prevent his ever appearing again in that country. The wretch, for like reasons, had run from France, and had gone over to England, shortly after Clara's escape from Rosmal Castle, carrying with him one fear the less, from his certainty of the death of his unhappy victim.

Father Arsene placed Clara, who still retained the name of Olympia, in the hands of an elderly widow, his mother's cousin-german. The good widow, who was very devout, very charitable, a little addicted to scolding, very frugal, and extremely rigid, received Clara as an orphan driven

from Rochelle by the war, and particularly by the persecutions exercised against the Catholics. This widow, whose name was Marcella, was rich; but she wished to do good actions, and amass a great deal of money at the same time; two things very difficult to reconcile, which, however, Marcella managed to do pretty well. She never refused to join in any charity, but she gave very little, saying: "I must reserve a fund for charities to come." She carried this prudent foresight to such a length, that the fund increased prodigiously every year: this money for the future poor, was held so sacred, that it was with great difficulty that Marcella robbed it of a small part for the present poor. She robbed it of none for Clara, for it was settled, that all she was to do, was to provide her with lodging and

board, and that the produce of Clara's work should be employed in her support.

Father Arsene, after resting two days, returned to France, leaving Clara grieved at her new situation, and regretting the farm where she had spent such tranquil days. Marcella's house consisted of a cook, a footman, a maid servant, and an old housekeeper, who was in all things a complete caricature of her mistress: for she was a thousand times more miserly, more morose, and more fretful than Marcella, and her bigotry was extreme. Marcella, who saw in this old maid only her own qualities carried to the highest degree of perfection, had a profound veneration, and the tenderest affection for her. The housekeeper kept up her blind confidence, by tormenting the ser-

vants, whom she incessantly scolded the whole morning, accusing them particularly of wasting and stealing. With this furious zeal, she united an excessive obsequiousness to her mistress, and an impertinent waspishness to every other person, except Marcella's spiritual director, who was likewise hers, and to whom she paid the most studied attention.

Marcella's company was not more aimable than her family: it was confined to two or three Misses of fifty or sixty years, a few men of the same age, and the canon, her director. When these personages met, they chatted in German, and played cards. Clara sat in the room, but always at her work. At first, she was gazed at with more astonishment than kindness; but afterwards, she hardly appeared to be perceived by them. Mar-

cella had never been handsome, and naturally felt a kind of aversion to all pretty women. She did not love Clara, who besides was disagreeable to the housekeeper, who considered her only as an additional expense. However, as Marcella was reputed in her part of the town, to speak French perfectly well, she was not sorry to clear off her rust, by talking with Clara, when there was no company. Her accent was so grating to the ear, her pronunciation so sharp, she employed expressions so little used, or so trifling, that her language was both unintelligible and laughable; and to render it completely ridiculous, she never spoke to Clara, but in an emphatic and solemn tone, delivering the tritest common places on the frailty of beauty, and on the duties of young women. In the midst of these ser-

mons, Clara, in spite of her habitual melancholy, had the misfortune to smile more than once, which produced some unpleasant scenes. One day particularly, Marcella was so enraged, that not being able to find words in French to express herself, she scolded in German, but with such a dreadful tone and emphasis, that poor Clara was more frightened than if she had understood what was said to her.

Had it not been for her constant attention to work, Clara must have fallen a prey to the *ennui* that reigned in this house. She never went out but with Marcella, to church; and as she then always wore a large black hood over her face, she remained, in spite of her beauty, unknown in the town, and even in her own quarter of it. However, the perfection of

her embroidered works, left at several shops for sale, gained her great celebrity in the course of two months. The art of embroidery was not cultivated in that part of Germany: hers, therefore, appeared master-pieces, and excited the admiration of all the ladies, both of the court and in the town. Inquiries were made, and it was found that this excellent embroideress was a young French woman, named *Olympia*, who lived at the widow Marcella's.

One morning, the superb carriage of the young Countess de Kleben stopped at Marcella's door: the whole house was in an uproar at the Countess's name. She was a lady belonging to the Court, and daughter-in-law to the *Grande-Maitresse*, formerly governess to the Princess Euphemia, the Elector's daughter, on whom he

doated. The Countess did not get out of her carriage, in which there was also an old Lord of the court, Chamberlain to the Elector. She sent for Clara to come and speak to her in her coach. The uncereemonious message displeased Clara, and she positively refused going out; but Marcella, ever ready to thwart her, ordered her peremptorily to comply with the Countess de Kleben's desire; though indeed, she thought that the Countess might have come to her, to whom the house belonged, and ask her to give the order. Clara sighed, but obeyed. She walked slowly out, and went up to the carriage, the door of which was opened for her: she went into the coach, and placed herself on the front seat, where, with a cold look, she waited to be spoken to, after merely pre-

prising that she did not understand German. Instead of speaking to her, they gazed at her, and examined her with an appearance of great surprise. The old Lord, particularly seemed confounded. After several exclamations, he spoke in German to the Countess, who answered with a scornful air and tone; and at last broke off the conversation, by asking Clara the price of her embroidery, and ordering a court-dress of it. The coach-door was then opened again, and Clara left the Countess, secretly resolving to find an excuse, not to work for a person whose manners had so little sweetness or politeness. Marcella, who was piqued at the Countess's visit not being paid to her, was pleased with Clara for the dissatisfaction she showed, and spent the morning in making severe reflections on people at

court. The next morning, the old Chamberlain, who had accompanied the Countess the day before, came and requested to speak a moment in private with Marcella, which was instantly granted. This Chamberlain, the Baron de Kersfelt, whose name and the favour he was in at court, were well known, asked a number of questions on the birth, character, morals, and conduct of Clara. Marcella, incapable of a falsehood, or of doing an injury, spoke in the handsomest manner of her, not forgetting to make the best of her own goodness, in having received a young orphan well born, innocent, and virtuous, and driven from her own country by the civil wars. The Baron then requested her to trust Clara to him, to take her to the palace; for the Elector wished to see her, and to become her

protector. On this, the wonder-struck Marcella went for Clara, and in an affectionate tone, which she had never before taken, announced this great news to her. Clara knew not whether fortune was kind, or laying another snare for her; she felt nothing but astonishment and uneasiness, but she submitted: she was put under the care of the Chamberlain, who handed her into his carriage, which immediately drove to the palace. On arriving there, the Chamberlain again took her by the hand, and led her quickly through little passages and up private staircases, and Clara presently found herself in the Elector's private apartments. The Prince was alone, sitting at a desk: his very look banished all Clara's fears; for, goodness was painted on his face, and his advanced age, white hairs, and noble mien, gave it an expression as en-

dearing as respectable. Clara bowed low, and remained standing: her timidity, her emotion, her blush, added a peculiar charm, a dazzling lustre to her beauty. The Elector looked at her earnestly, and his eyes filled with tears. Clara, more agitated than ever, knew not what to think, till she observed that the Prince and the Chamberlain were comparing her face with that of a charming young creature, represented in a painting hanging before the Elector. She there saw that they had found a striking resemblance between her and the figure, which so highly interested the Elector, and she soon guessed it to be the Princess Euphemia, his daughter. As she knew that the Princess was forty years old, she readily imagined that the portrait had been painted in her youth. The Chamberlain receiving an order to go

for the Princess, went out, and Clara found herself alone with the Elector, who, in the kindest voice bid her sit down. " You must be surprised," said he to her, " at the effect the sight of you has on me ; but you so perfectly resemble what my daughter was at your age, that it is impossible for me to look at you without tenderness : I grow young as I look, I see my daughter in the flower of youth, and it brings back the summer of my life. This resemblance, your misfortunes, the testimony given of you, by a person of the strictest virtue, every thing assures you my protection and friendship ; I shall myself present you to my daughter, and I wish you to stay with her." Clara showed her astonishment and gratitude, by the sweet expression of her countenance and carriage. The Elector could not

take his eyes off her, he was delighting himself in surveying her from head to foot, when the door opened, and the Princess appeared leaning on the arm of the Chamberlain. Clara rose: the Princess, prepared by the Chamberlain, stopped a moment, and looking alternately at her own picture and Clara, said: "It is, indeed, her picture, but not half so handsome as she is!" She then advanced, and taking Clara by the hand with all the grace of bewitching goodness, kissed her. Clara's tenderness was so excited by the Princess, that she could not refrain from weeping. Ashamed of the emotion, she attempted, but vainly, to repress or conceal it. Euphemia participated her feelings, and pressing her to her bosom, both of them gave way to their tears..... The Elector was extremely affected by this unexpected

tenderness: "My child," said he to the Princess, "I meant to request your kindness for this young orphan; but I see that she has no need of my recommendation to you. I leave it to you to take care of her, and that the resemblance between you may be more interesting still, may her soul resemble yours!"..... Euphemia sighed: she thanked her father with a look full of tenderness and melancholy, and after a short conversation, took leave of him, still holding Clara by the arm, who accompanied her as she went out.

Euphemia had still a fine face, and her countenance was full of expression: the ineffable charm of her look and manners, would have been enough of themselves to have fixed every eye, and gained every heart; but great thinness and paleness, while they

rendered her form more interesting, deprived it of that lustre which fine women still possess at her age. An habitual and deeply-rooted sadness indicated a secret sorrow, which some attributed to the delicacy of her health, and others, to a regret for having refused a throne, in order to devote her life to her father.

Euphemia, in spite of her perfect rectitude of character, was not exempt from a misfortune inevitable to Princes, that of sometimes taking prejudices; for, except where the heart is particularly interested, it is impossible always to give sufficient attention to discern truth from calumny, and to labour to ascertain clearly, whether an accuser be not actuated by hatred or envy. It is remarkable too, that the best Princes are the most easily led.

into prejudices: with them, it is not necessary to employ atrocious calumnies, which are apt to create suspicion; light touches suffice: whatever wounds, not only integrity but, delicacy, raises in them a contempt, to which souls less elevated are strangers. An apparently less odious calumny is more common at their court, and it is more insinuating and more dangerous: it the better attains its end, by concealing its blackness under forms so careless and shaded, that it scarcely looks like slander. But, Euphemia could love, and when a friend was in question, the whole deep art of prejudicing, carried to such perfection in courts, was ineffectual with her. She then saw through all the devices of malignity, and detected all its motives. Her friendship seemed to encrease with the efforts made to de-

stroy it, and she took delight in publicly multiplying the proofs of it.

She took Clara to her cabinet, where she remained nearly three hours alone with her. To abridge a number of questions, and to escape a detached series of prevarications, Clara said at once, generally, that having from her infancy been always in a convent, she had not known her parents ; and, that a little previous to the commencement of the troubles at Rochelle, the venerable father Arsene had carried her to a farm in the neighbourhood of that town, and had afterwards brought her to Germany. The manner in which she spoke of father Arsene and Jerson's family, charmed the Princess, who, from that very conversation, conceived such an affection for Clara, that in her heart she determined to be a mother to her.

This new intimacy caused a great sensation at court, and did not meet with the approbation of any of the ladies attached to the Princess; it was particularly displeasing to the *Grande-Maitresse*, the Baroness de Kleben, who, in private, very severely chid her daughter-in-law; as, though without intending it, she had, by her visit with the Chamberlain, been the original cause of this singular attachment. The young Countess, however, had nothing to reproach herself with on this point; she had been very cautious how she reported Clara's grace and beauty; she had even denied her resemblance to the Princess; and it was the Chamberlain's testimony alone which had interested the Elector, and excited his curiosity.

No woman, of the Baroness de Kleben's age (she was five-and-fifty),

could more justly boast of so little alteration for five-and-twenty years. She had retained all the ardour, all the activity, necessary for undermining those whom she feared; all the ambition, all the frivolity, all the pretensions of the most brilliant days of her youth. Her house was the most pompous, and the most elegant of the court. She was regularly told, three times a week, at her grand suppers, that she looked like her daughter-in-law's sister; and how was it possible to doubt a thing so generally acknowledged? Accordingly, the Baroness continued to wear roses in her hair. Four hours at the toilet, and twelve hours devoted to state and intrigue, had been, for nearly forty years, the constant employment of her days. Naturally censorious, abusive, and envious, she concealed her malignity

under a feigned air of gaiety; she calumniated in laughing; and her caustic smile was itself a sarcasm. Celebrity in others stung her, that of the mind particularly: for, envy out of the question, she thought that a person of superior mind was the most dangerous of all creatures; as being necessarily, in her opinion, the most ambitious, the most fertile in expedients and artifices, and the deepest in duplicity. Genius, in her eyes, was nothing more than a means of attaining preferment, and a formidable power of ruining one's competitors. An enemy to all brilliancy of reputation, her praise was reserved for mediocrity; which she even warmly patronized when attempting to rival talent. As to her manners in general, they were cold, and,

to all who were not greatly noticed at court, or had not a large fortune, impertinent; her politeness had no other foundation than interest or vanity. Such a woman could not be loved by Euphemia, who, nevertheless, treated the Baroness with all the respect due to a person who had been her governess, and who, since the death of the Electress, and that of the Hereditary Prince's consort, held the first place at court.

Clara became so fond of the Princess, that she no longer regretted Jerson's farm. Honorina sometimes wrote to her: how eagerly did she run over these letters to find a beloved name!... She was informed that Valmore daily acquired new glory by his actions, and that Jerson's family, still generously protected by him, enjoyed a profound peace.... Clara had deposited Valmore's

note in the hands of father Arsene, but she could keep and read, again and again, Honorina's letters; and that was a consolation.

Euphemia gave Clara no rank, nor even any title, as she could have had but a subordinate one at a court, where only women of the highest birth are admitted. But she was lodged in the Princess's own apartments: she appeared neither at feasts nor levées; she staid chiefly in the Princess's retired room, some part of the day alone with her; and was admitted into the Elector's private apartments, whither the Princess, who always went without ladies, carried only Clara with her. The rest of the time, when the Princess was engaged in forms of state, or at public amusements, Clara remained alone in her cabinet, employed in reading, or in embroidering for Euphemia.

This sedentary, retired life perfectly suited her. The Princess, more than once, proposed some amusement for her, and would have carried her to a close box at the play, but she always excused herself. This taste for solitude, uniting with such youth and beauty, raised the Princess's esteem for her to the greatest height; particularly as Euphemia clearly saw that this denial of vanity, and love of retirement, were founded on the solid basis of the most exalted piety. Clara saw no gentlemen, except the Elector, the Hereditary Prince, Euphemia's elder brother, and the old Chamberlain, her first friend, who was the only person at court who was ever with the Elector when Euphemia paid him her visits. On those days, when the Prince supped in his private apartments, Clara withdrew, before the

arrival of the persons whom he admitted to familiar society. Thus, the Lords of the court had never been able to get a glimpse of her but by stealth, yet that was enough to charm and surprise them with her grace and beauty. In vain did the Ladies of the court, and particularly the Baroness de Kleben, who had seen more of her with the Princess, maintain that she was but showy, that she appeared handsome only at the first look, and that she had a thousand defects; the young Olympia was still thought to be the handsomest woman that had ever appeared at court. Envy and malignity now began to hunt for some spots in the life of this new favourite. Enquiries were made in the part of the town where Marcella lived, and Marcella herself was examined: but all this scrutiny only ended with proving,

that Clara was, in fact, an orphan, of great innocence and piety, who had left her convent, to seek an asylum in Germany, at the house of a relation of the monk, her protector. All that was left to be done was to cry her person down, and make her ridiculous. Nothing was more difficult. It could not be said that, intoxicated with favour, she promised her protection, or that she boasted of leading the Princess, and the Elector himself, over whom Euphemia had a supreme ascendancy. Clara saw nobody, and whenever the Baroness was with her, in Euphemia's cabinet, she continued working in silence, with her eyes fixed on her frame. If the Baroness spoke to her, she answered in a gentle and respectful manner, but with the greatest brevity. It was resolved upon at last to say, that she had the most narrow

understanding, and, at the same time, a pride, haughtiness, and self-sufficiency, which showed themselves in every look and motion. That she was a favourite, was denied; for courtiers think that, if they can render this doubtful in the minds of others, it is almost the same thing as overturning it, for it is not so much the esteem of Princes they covet, as the homage it procures... It was positively asserted, that Euphemia considered Clara in no other light than as a diligent workwoman, with whose work she was pleased; and the ladies even affected to allude to her by the title of *the Princess's Embroideress*.

Every thing is known at court; things mentioned in the smallest meetings, under the seal of the most friendly confidence, find their way, in a short time, to the ear of Princes: a momentary competition is frequently suffi-

cient to break ties of convenience, and these ruptures are always followed by secret informations. Accordingly, in about two or three months, Euphemia was made fully acquainted with the manner in which Clara, who became daily more and more dear to her, was spoken of. She was resolved to avenge her in a striking manner. The annual entertainments, given in honour of her birth-day, soon afforded her an opportunity. Those entertainments lasted three days: the Elector, and the Hereditary Prince, provided the two first, with all the ceremony of state; some person, attached to the Court, gave the third, from which the Princess insisted that all ceremony should be banished. This year the Baroness was to have the honour of giving the third day's entertainment, and, consequently, to

receive the Elector, and his family, at her house. On that day, Clara, in spite of her resistance, extreme repugnance, and timidity, was obliged to allow herself to be magnificently dressed : her robe was of silver tissue ; on her bosom, modestly covered with double gauze, she wore a superb chain of jewels, and diamonds were intermixed with her beautiful hair. Thus adorned, the Princess took her in triumph to the Baroness de Kleben's. Clara, in this splendid dress, felt such an oppression at her heart, that it required the greatest command over herself, to refrain from bursting into tears. Her robe, white and sparkling, brought to her mind the one she had tried on, and was to have worn at her wedding !... Besides, when she reflected that her real name, branded throughout Europe for an unparalleled crime, was

every where held in abhorrence, it seemed to her, in spite of her innocence, that she usurped the affection of this tender and beneficent Princess. She blushed at her kindnesses; her favour was but a heavy load, and a cause of uneasiness; for, deprived by a cruel and extraordinary fate of the sweet protection of virtue, she dreaded extremely to make any figure, or to attract public notice. She fully enjoyed her innocence only with God: in the world she found all those ideas, necessary to society, which render our name so essential a part of ourselves, that calumny cannot attack it without wounding us deeply. Thus, in increasing the natural resentment caused by injustice, the purest conscience sometimes encreases our sufferings; nor does it tranquillize, or dissipate

them entirely, but far from the eyes of men.

However, Euphemia went into her carriage with Clara alone, and drove to the Baroness's. The Baroness, and all the ladies, came to receive the Princess on the top of the stairs—but, when they perceived her leaning on Clara's arm, they were petrified!... The compliments and usual thanks die away on the trembling lips of the Baroness; she first turned red, then pale, stammered, and was quite at a loss.... What an event!... *The Princess's embroideress* admitted to an entertainment, in which there is no ceremony it is true, but at which no ladies have assembled but such as, by their birth, might enter into all the chapters of Germany!... *The Princess's embroideress*, a thousand

times more beautiful, more majestic, and more resplendent, than all those great ladies!... In the midst of astonishment, envy, and a low murmuring, Euphemia advanced, with a smile, to the Baroness, and, pointing to Clara, said: "Are not you surprised to see her at an entertainment, when she has hitherto refused to appear at any of those at court?"—"Yes, Madam," replied the Baroness, "I am very much *surprised!*"—"I thought you would," said Euphemia: "but, as I was to meet only my friends here, I wished to bring my adopted daughter with me..." As she said these words she went on, and, followed by a numerous retinue, still holding Clara's arm, she entered a hall, superbly decorated, the windows of which were all open, and looked into an illuminated garden. Clara, though she

danced remarkably well, had declared she should not dance. The Princess having sat down in an armed chair, and placed Clara on a bench beside her, the ball began.

The Princess enjoyed exquisitely one of the greatest pleasures of sovereign power and greatness, that of exalting what one loves, of bestowing on merit public marks of esteem and favour, and of humbling and confounding intriguing and envious spirits. What a host of enemies did this brilliant evening raise to Clara!... The coquets, the slaves of ambition, all the mothers who had daughters of her age, and who, in calculating their quarters of nobility, had no conception that the Princess, wishing to adopt a daughter, could have made such a choice... The agonies of hatred and envy were raised to the utmost.

pitch, by the admiration of all the men. Every body too was struck with the astonishing resemblance between Euphemia and Clara; the old Lords particularly imagined they saw the Princess again at the age of eighteen, though, in secret, they thought that Clara was much more beautiful than the Princess had ever been.

The Elector, and the Hereditary Prince, came in at supper time. Nothing was wanting to complete Clara's triumph; these Princes attended to her in the most flattering and familiar manner, and the Elector desired that she might sit at his table. In the midst of these honours, Clara, melancholy, but unaffected, mild, and obliging, spoke little, replied gracefully, and sometimes ingeniously; her carriage was every thing it should be, and her gratitude to the Princes was

shown with that dignity, and self-respect, which prevented all extravagance and intoxication. Her politeness to the courtiers had no resemblance to that *affability*, which belongs alone to Princes, and which, in private persons, is only impertinence and folly; she did not put on a cold and scornful countenance to any woman; she assumed with none the patronizing airs of a favourite, condescending to make herself agreeable; she was invariably noble, natural, and amiable: it was remarked that she did not once affect to whisper the Princess, or to drop her voice into a muffled tone, when speaking to her. In short, she charmed all who had not previously determined to hate her.

The Princess and Clara, left the house a little before midnight, and drove to a villa of the Elector's, about

a mile from the Baroness de Kleben's, where Euphemia meant to spend the whole summer. It was then the beginning of the month of June. The night was so serene and fine, that Clara, after she had changed her clothes, was tempted to go out alone, to a little poplar-grove in the Princess's private garden. She seated herself at the end of the grove, on the side of a moss-bank, and her eyes rested on a canal, at some distance, which, reflecting the rays of the moon, formed a long streak of light, between two rows of young willows.... The grove, the water, all nature was silent and tranquil. Clara, coming from a noisy feast, doubly enjoyed the calm and stillness of this scene. "How comfortable am I here!" said she; "I am no longer oppressed with the weight of the unhappy name I bear, and the uneasiness,

of a mystery which must ever envelop my sad existence. Alone, with the Author of the universe, I am Clara, without blushing!... O how I envy you, happy solitude of the wilderness! Ye peaceful spots where pure and religious souls have found the bewitching image of Heaven! The majesty of God fills alone your immense extent, and the echoes of your grottoes and of your rocks, have repeated only the praises of the Eternal! Fortunate land, spurned by ambition, you have not been watered with the sweat of the poor, you have not been stained with blood! Oh! remain for ever uncultivated, that there may still be an asylum on earth for innocence oppressed! Alas! the plough that drew the first furrow, opened, at the same time, the road to industry, and that to avarice and to crimes! Why may I not go

and seclude myself in those holy retreats, whither my imagination has so often transported me? There, the passions weaken, and sensibility improves; there, the heart, purifying, glows with a sublime love; a love ardent and unagitated, being unattended with anxiety, unopposed, unthwarted!.... But whither do I suffer my thoughts to stray?.... Supreme wisdom approves not those useless wishes. Is God to be found only in these deep solitudes? Ought we not to be contented with the place he assigns us in this short life? Or, should we not, at least, endeavour to make it supportable? Yes, I will banish these gloomy ideas: are they not a kind of murmuring that may lead to a hatred of society?..."

Thus did Clara, ever sensible, ever guided by the morality of the Gospel;

resist this vague and repining sadness, too natural to the unhappy. And thus it is that true piety restrains and corrects all wrong sentiments, be they ever so specious; it does not allow us, through a disgust to the deceitful pleasures of life, to despise human institutions, which Providence supports and perpetuates. If religion leads a chosen few into wildernesses, she has placed more in the world, and on the throne. She blesses the humble obscurity of the social monk, but she sanctifies a thousand times more, talents, genius, and glory. Above all, she requires of us the qualities and virtues best adapted to our situation; she commands resignation and perseverance, in the state in which we can do most good (*i*); she presents the same object to all men, she promises them the same reward, she offers them

the sublimest hope. Thus that anxiety, that secret discontent, which throws so gloomy a veil over the present and over the future, can produce an habitual state of melancholy only in the unsettled imagination of those unfortunate beings who doubt every thing: such are the sad consequences of scepticism to tender hearts; pious minds are shielded from them.

On the morning after the entertainment, the *Grande-Maitresse*, the Baroness de Kleben, called on the Princess, under the pretence of thanking her for the honour she had received the evening before, but more, in fact, to have some explanation with her respecting Clara. Having superintended Euphemia's education, she had, when alone with her, the privilege of speaking with a freedom, which the gratitude of a pupil ought

to allow. The Baroⁿess spoke in the name of all the ladies of the court; at least, she asserted that she expressed their sentiments; and, after a long speech on propriety, breeding, and established forms, she concluded with this sentence: "I thought it my duty, Madam, to lay these truths before you, and, at the risk of displeasing, I have had the courage to state them to you." The Baroness pronounced these words with an emphasis that made the Princess smile. "I assure you, Madam," replied she, "that I do not see the least *courage* in all that you have been saying to me; for you know perfectly well that you risk nothing at all in speaking thus. What is the ground of complaint? That I introduced at a private entertainment, at which there was to be no ceremony, a young

orphan, well born, and whom misfortune, an excellent education, innocence and virtue, unite to render interesting. I may, in my turn, be astonished that my sentiments of her, and my maternal tenderness, were insufficient to obtain a warm reception for her...."—“ But, Madam, your Highness has known her for so short a time....”—“ Long enough to form an opinion of her, to love, and adopt her....”—“ Adopt her, Madam!.... Really no one will believe this strange adoption.”—“ Oh! I shall put it out of all doubt: I declare to you, Madam, that it is the Elector's intention to promote very highly the fortunes of the man who receives her hand; and I am determined, on my part, to give her, besides, such a dowry, that the only embarrassment I am likely to have will be in the choice.”

At these words, the Baroness greatly struck, considered for a moment. A short reflexion suddenly changed her mind. She knew Euphemia; and was convinced that her resolutions and attachments were not to be shaken. Ambition at a single glance perceives in a mass all that invites it. The Baroness in an instant saw the young orphan heiress to all the estates, and all the jewels of the Princess; she saw honours accumulated on the head of her husband; in short, she saw the greatest match at the court, and in all Germany; and after a considerable silence, said in the most softened tone: "What, Madam, do you love this young creature to such a degree?" — "Yes, Madam, and the Elector and my brother will do every thing for her that my affection can desire." — "You love her truly," re-

plied the Baroness, "and that's enough for me. I have it; then at last in my power," continued she, in a tone at once solemn and sentimental, "I have it then in my power to give you a striking proof of my attachment..... I have a second son, who is five-and-twenty years old, I ask your Highness the hand of Olympia for him." Euphemia's surprise was extreme; it was mingled with pleasure, contempt, and some degree of tenderness. Euphemia had great penetration: her understanding, indeed, told her that interest alone had produced this sudden revolution in the ideas of the Baroness; but her heart and her vanity were so gratified by the offer, that she was pleased with the Baroness for it, and thought that she owed her some acknowledgment. It is so seldom that nothing is gained

by flattering the weakness of Princes, that inflexible rectitude and unvarying sincerity at court cannot be too much admired, when by chance they are found there.

The Princess thanked the *Grande-Maitresse* with a grace resembling tenderness; and said the most flattering things to her. The Baroness was quite affected. Euphemia pressed her hands affectionately, and kissed her; and the Baroness thinking she had obtained a degree of favour that had never been her lot, went from the Princess's with an air a thousand times more haughty, and more impertinent than ever. For the remainder of the day, she was inaccessible to all common acquaintance, and in perfect glory at home. She treated all whom she had no regard for, with contemptuous inattention: her gait, her air,

her carriage, had something triumphal. She confided this grand interview to her intimate friends, and her vanity did not forget to adorn her report of it with many brilliant and affecting speeches of her own invention: but while she was giving herself credit for a step, which she considered as an admirable instance of presence of mind and genius, while she was forming a thousand new projects of greatness, Clara, shut up with the Princess, was refusing firmly and coldly, the honour of being allied to the illustrious house of Kleben. Clara farthermore declared, that she was determined never to marry, adding, that she looked for no other happiness in future, than that of entirely devoting her life to her generous benefactress. Her speech, delivered with that accent of truth that compels be-

lief, affected the Princess and went to her heart. She admired a resolution which ensured her the undivided enjoyment of Clara's affection, and the prospect of never being separated from her: but she nevertheless opposed her intention, described to her all the brilliant advantages of a great alliance; and spoke highly of the young Count de Kleben. It was all in vain, and the Princess was inexpressibly delighted to find that Clara was proof against the most natural seductions of vanity, and against the most warrantable ambition. "Well! my dear Olympia," cried Euphemia, folding her in her arms with transport, "you shall lose nothing by it; you shall have at this court, a rank, title, and honours equal to those you could have gained by the highest alliance...." — "Ah! Madam," said Clara, inter-

rupting her, "do not urge me to appear in the world."—"You shall always be at liberty to live in this profound solitude," replied the Princess, "but I am resolved it shall be known how much I love you: in thus exalting you, it is myself alone I mean to please." Clara in vain opposed the design, the Princess fixed her happiness and glory upon it.

During this long conversation, the rumour of a marriage between the Count de Kleben and the *young Olympia*, was already whispered at court. The enemies of the Baroness, secretly envying her good fortune, showed the greatest indignation at what they called meanness, and a low match. Indifferent people were astonished; friends mysteriously betrayed the secret, or feebly denied it, yet, in a dry tone, and in a manner that might im-

hastily retired. An explanation was now necessary, and it was not without a violent suffocation of pride and rage, that the Baroness learned that the *Princess's embroideress* had the insolent folly to refuse the hand of her son, of the Count de Kleben, allied not very distantly to the house of Brandenburg, and to that of the Elector!..... The Princess thought to soften this refusal, by saying that Clara was extremely sensible of the Baroness's goodness, and that as long as she lived, she would retain a grateful remembrance of the honour she had condescended to do her. "Her taste for retirement," added she, "and her attachment to me, make her desirous of preserving her liberty, to devote it altogether to me." The Baroness interrupted Euphemia, and striving in vain to conceal her pas-

sion, replied with asperity, and an irony so insulting to Clara, that the Princess abruptly broke off the conversation, and coldly wished her a good morning.

The Baroness, enraged beyond measure, went home, and said that she had had a very warm discussion with the Princess; that the marriage was broken off, *thank Heaven!* for she *confessed* she had never sincerely wished an alliance so *strangely disproportionate*. She thus left it to be understood; that the rupture arose from a disagreement in the terms, and not from Clara's refusal: an insupportable refusal, which she concealed with the greatest care, but of which every body was informed before the day was over.

The Baroness had always shown an extreme aversion to Clara, and it was known, that, at the bottom of her

heart, she did not love the Princess ; so that her motives for asking Clara's hand could not be doubtful. At court, a mean action when it succeeds, appears generally nothing more than a clever, well-combined expedient ; for what is principally admired there, is the dexterity of conduct, be it what it may, by which any one obtains his ends. For the same reason, a mean action that is ineffectual, is sure to be attended with unspeakable ridicule ; particularly, because it betrays a want of contrivance, ingenuity, and ability. Every tongue now inveighed so bitterly against the Baroness, that even her friends, who had received her confidential report with unqualified approbation, privately agreed that such conduct was inexcusable, adding, that they had thought so from the first. This, indeed, in the

great world; is no failure in the duties of friendship; provided one speaks thus, with a voice and look of astonishment, repeats with good enunciation, and laments those mistakes and those inconsistencies which cannot be denied, one is still a faithful and perfect friend.

Meanwhile, the Princess, in spite of the unaffected opposition made by Clara, obtained for her all that her affection could desire. She gave her a noble estate, the name of which the Elector chose she could take as a title, and a patent was made out, creating her a Countess. She was in future to be called the Countess of Niemen. Euphemia made it a point with her, that she should appear once publicly at court, to be presented by her new title to the Elector, and to the Hereditary Prince. She had her

livery, her footmen, her coach. An income was assigned her: handsome apartments were prepared for her, contiguous to, and communicating with the Princess's. Every thing confirmed the news spread through the town, which soon gained credit even at court: it was generally believed, that Clara was secretly married to the Hereditary Prince.

In this new situation, Clara made no change in her solitary kind of life: she was always recluse, engaged in prayer, work, or reading, and resolved to form no new intimacies. As she never appeared, and incurred no expenses, she made no other use of her income, than that of privately serving the poor. Never interfering in the occurrences of the court, she made use of her interest only to pay a debt of gratitude. She obtained a pension

for Marcella, which doubled the widow's income; she never made another application. Her affection for Euphemia was equal to that which she felt for father Arsene: independently of the greatest gratitude, her heart was attracted to the Princess, by a congeniality which made her always find new charms in her society: this extreme and fond affection, however, was not perfectly happy. Clara, far from being able to open her heart to one on whom she doated upon as the best of mothers, was, on the contrary, compelled to conceal from her all her dreadful secrets. She enjoyed her confidence with a kind of remorse, conscious that she withheld her own. But how could she give it? Montalban was still alive. And could she who, not to accuse her father, had suffered herself to appear in the

eyes of the man she loved guilty of such a crime ; she, who had resigned herself to shame and death, be tempted to divulge to any person on earth, what she had concealed from Valmore?... Besides, though at the period of her trial, she could by a word have fully justified herself, the length of time and distance from the spot where the crime was committed, rendered her vindication less easy, and less evident. And what would be the fruits of this culpable and dangerous confidence, even supposing that the Princess should faithfully keep the secret? That of afflicting her uselessly, and of losing by such imprudence, a part of her esteem, that of father Arsene, and her own. A secret, for the preservation of which we had consented to lay down our lives, and which religion commands us to

keep, is sure of our inviolable attachment. Clara, therefore, was never tempted to make herself known to the Princess; but this necessary reserve was often very painful to her. She suffered a sorrow of another kind, which affected her extremely. The Princess enjoyed the highest reputation; the whole world admired the filial piety which had induced her to refuse royal alliances and to scorn crowns, in order to devote her life to her father; the Elector adored her, and was for ever boasting of her virtue, of her excellent conduct, and of the generous sacrifices she had made for him; the whole court was at her feet; she had infinitely more power even than the Hereditary Prince, but as she never made any other than a beneficial and prudent use of it, she was universally loved and revered;

and notwithstanding all this, Clara but too clearly saw that, far from being happy, a secret and unconquerable sadness preyed upon her heart. Euphemia, more than once, in her private conversations with Clara, had suffered some mysterious words to escape her, which sufficiently evinced that she was not only dissatisfied with her lot, but that she was groaning under the oppressive weight of a deep sorrow unknown to all the world. Clara never ventured to make any enquiry, but was satisfied to participate her sadness.

One morning, Clara was delighted, on receiving a letter from Honorina, which contained the most charming account of Valmore; and likewise, information that the Rochellers had just concluded a truce with the Royalists, which every body thought would

be followed by a peace. It was but natural for Clara to show the interest she took in the peace; she was anxious to impart her joy, and in order to speak of it, she left her apartments earlier than usual, to go to the Princess's. She had a key to Euphemia's closet, the door of which she gently opened, and as she entered, she saw her sitting alone on a couch, in tears. Clara's first impulse was, to go and throw herself at the Princess's feet; and taking one of her hands which she pressed to her heart, cried in a broken voice: "You have sorrows unknown to me, yet I share them: O! suffer your Olympia to weep with you!"... Euphemia, raising Clara, pressed her to her heart for sometime, then making her sit down by her: "My dear child," said she, "I have known you only eight months, but this inexplic-

cable sympathy which unites us, has, from the moment I first saw you, given you in my heart all the rights of an old friendship.... A secret hitherto inviolably kept, a dreadful secret has long weighed heavily on my heart, which has decided on disclosing it to you: it does not escape me unwarily; my love, my affection impels me to confide it to you deliberately." Here Euphemia's tears flowed faster, and Clara, distressed and trembling, mingled hers with them. They remained silent for sometime, when the Princess continued thus: "Every body feels for the distresses of an unfortunate being, branded and persecuted by calumny; such a one may, at least, oppose injustice with the secret testimony of a pure conscience; such a one may flatter herself, that the slander will sooner or later be exposed,

and that, with the blessing of Providence, truth will triumph. All the sweets, all the charms of hope are reserved for the innocent alone!....

This beginning excited great emotion in Clara's mind. "But," continued the Princess, "to find in a secret corner of the soul a witness deposing truth against the public voice, and confronting unjust praise!.... to receive tributes and testimonies of gratitude unmerited! to deceive affection! to abhor falsehood, yet play the horrid part of a hypocrite!—these, these are pangs that have no consolation, and they are mine!...."—"Impossible!" cried Clara, "no Madam, no! you, whose secret actions are all so pious, so beneficent!...."—"True," replied Euphemia, "I love to give, I love the unfortunate; and I feel that I was born for virtue;... but guilty of an

inexcusable weakness, I abuse the generous credulity of the best of fathers.... I have appeared to sacrifice to him thrones which have been offered to me; alas! it was not to him, but to a fatal passion that I sacrificed them!" — "O, Heaven!" exclaimed Clara. "I have now," continued the Princess, "been secretly married twenty years." At these words, Clara, petrified with astonishment, remained motionless for a moment; then leaning her head on the Princess's knees, she shed tears on her hands, which she pressed warmly in her own. "My dear child," said Euphemia, "you are my only consolation! Let me recover myself from these acute feelings, and take a little time to prepare for my sad story: it will be a wholesome lesson for your youth; it will teach you, that though one may es-

cape the censure of others, a severer one is found in the recesses of conscience; it will teach you, in short, what punishment just Heaven reserves for the rashness of inexperience, that dares to throw off filial obedience, and form ill-matched ties..... To-morrow you shall know all."

This confidence penetrated Clara with gratitude, and with pity for this interesting Princess, who thus gave her the most unequivocal and affecting proof of a real affection. Euphemia sent for her early next morning, and, having seated her on cushions at her feet, began her story as follows:

"I was still in arms when I lost my mother. My brother, who is ten years older than I am, was sufficiently advanced to be a consolation to my father: but the ten-

“ derest cares of this indulgent, this
“ affectionate father, were very soon
“ turned on me, and he then took
“ that lively affection for me, which
“ has ever since been the predomi-
“ nant feeling of his heart. I fully
“ returned his tenderness, and the
“ greatest consolation I have is the
“ recollection of the time, when I
“ loved him in preference to every
“ thing, and when no sacrifice to
“ him would have cost me a moment’s
“ pain. He neglected nothing to give
“ me an excellent education. The
“ Baroness de Kleben was appointed
“ my governess ; but this was rather
“ a title for her than an employment;
“ Madame de Merthal, my sub-gover-
“ ness, was my real instructress. That
“ respectable woman united, to an
“ eminent degree, the most distin-
“ guished talents, with the most en-

“gaging qualities of the heart and
“mind. I was very fond of her, and im-
“proved by her lessons ; and, when
“my household was established, I en-
“treated the Elector to appoint Ma-
“dame de Merthal to be with me, as
“a friend with whom I could not
“part, and as a guide of whom I
“still stood in need. I had scarcely
“attained my eighteenth year when
“it was thought proper that I should
“be married ; but my attachment to
“my father and my country im-
“pelled me to reject the design with-
“out hesitation, declaring that I
“should never consent, without the
“deepest regret, to quit my father
“and banish myself. The Elector
“was highly pleased with these sen-
“timents, but thought that time
“would change them. I had just
“entered my twentieth year, when

“ the Count de Rosenberg, at the
“ age of twenty-four, appeared at
“ court... He had a noble, striking
“ figure; a countenance expressive
“ of a boldness and pride that were
“ remarkable, particularly at his years;
“ and cold, yet polished, graceful,
“ and elegant manners. Born with a
“ most over-ruling spirit, he is one of
“ the few men, who, from their en-
“ trance into life, have formed, ac-
“ cording to their inclination and
“ character, an invariable plan of con-
“ duct, from which they have never
“ after deviated. The Count de Ro-
“ senberg has cultivated only the qua-
“ lities that are useful to ambition:
“ his courage, activity, prudence, and
“ discretion, are extreme; his perse-
“ verance is not to be wearied. Too
“ proud to think of money, he loves
“ glory and not riches; he is magni-

" ficient and liberal. The greatest
 " baseness, in his eyes, is to give up
 " a design deliberately formed. To
 " attain his object in matters of im-
 " portance he dissembles profoundly,
 " but, in general, he is incapable of
 " the slightest disguise. He makes
 " no kind of pretension in society; he
 " has none: he disdains all praise for
 " the common attainments; he is too
 " proud to be vain. Ambition has
 " not, in stifling his sensibility and
 " heating his imagination, corrupted
 " his soul. The desire of rising and
 " of shining is inherent in his nature,
 " but so, likewise, is that of self-
 " esteem. He grants his esteem only
 " to the virtues, and to splendid ac-
 " tions, and he looks upon all the
 " minor refinements, which delicate
 " minds conceive to be duties, as
 " weaknesses or puerilities. What-

“ ever is great moves and transports
“ him : his natural generosity might
“ prevail in his heart even over am-
“ bition, but it is impossible for him
“ to resist the pleasure of doing an
“ action truly heroic, even were it
“ never to be known, and were it to
“ cost him his fortune.

“ Experience alone could have made
“ me so fully acquainted with the
“ character of the Count de Rosen-
“ berg, as I have now painted him to
“ you : unfortunately for me, I long
“ saw him in other colours, at least
“ in many respects.... There was about
“ my person, at that time, a young
“ lady of noble birth, but of no for-
“ tune, who was going to be married
“ to one of the richest lords of the
“ court, the Prince de Lobeck. He
“ had been absent a few months, and
“ the marriage was to take place im-

“ mediately on his return. Ulrica,
“ that was the name of the intended
“ bride, felt neither love nor dislike
“ in this union.

“ Before the Count de Rosenberg
“ had been more than five or six days
“ at court, his ardour and attentions
“ to Ulrica were universally remarked;
“ I was myself struck with them. It
“ was to no purpose that the Count
“ was informed that Ulrica was en-
“ gaged, nothing could restrain the
“ eagerness of his advances; which
“ appeared the more extravagant, be-
“ cause, though he was of one of the
“ most ancient and illustrious Houses
“ of Germany, he was the last of a
“ family totally ruined, and because
“ it should seem impossible that he
“ could flatter himself that Ulrica’s
“ parents would prefer an alliance
“ with him to that with the Prince de

“ Lobeck, who, besides, had received
“ their consent.

“ At one of my public nights, a
“ knot of ribbons, got loose from
“ Ulrica's hair, and fell on the floor:
“ the Count, who was always by her,
“ picked it up. She held out her
“ hand, thinking he was going to
“ return it to her: instead of which
“ he kept it, exclaiming, in a loud
“ voice: ‘ It shall never be torn from
“ me but with life.’ The next day,
“ at a court ball, he appeared at a
“ quadrille party, with the same ribbon
“ tied round his arm. Ulrica express-
“ ing to him that it was a kind of
“ gallantry with which she was not
“ pleased, he replied: ‘ If it were a
“ gift I would hide it; it is a con-
“ quest, and I deck myself with it.’
“ Follies of this kind are naturally
“ agreeable, particularly to women.

“ The Count’s youth and personal
“ accomplishments, gave a charm to
“ his boldness and to this romantic
“ passion. All eyes were fixed upon
“ him ; I heard it incessantly repeated
“ that he was charming, that he de-
“ served to be loved ! He eclipsed all
“ the young men, without making
“ them jealous. He pleased all the
“ women, but paid attention only to
“ her whom nobody else dared to pre-
“ tend to. I observed him with an
“ interest, which I took only for
“ curiosity, and I was not astonished
“ when I perceived that he had made
“ a lively impression on Ulrica’s heart.
“ Without openly telling me her sen-
“ timents, she allowed me to see
“ them, and I had nothing to say
“ against yielding to them. One day,
“ when she was alone with me, our
“ conversation turned upon unfortu-

“ nate attachments: we spoke generally, yet Ulrica shed tears; mine too flowed, and she kissed my hands, as if to thank me for having understood her, and for sharing her affliction... At that moment I felt something like remorse in my heart... I did not deceive Ulrica, but she mistook the cause of my emotion; she was not the subject of it... While this was going on, my sub-governess, Madame de Merthal, was called into Switzerland, to take possession of a fortune which had devolved to her; and thus I lost my only guide. How dearly did this separation cost me! Madame de Merthal would soon have read my heart, she would have opened my eyes, and I should not have committed an irreparable error!

“ The Elector and my brother were

“ personally attached to the Count de
“ Rosenberg, whom, in spite of his
“ youth, they admitted into their
“ familiar society. The Elector spoke
“ to him on the madness of his pas-
“ sion for Ulrica, and he answered
“ in such a manner, as to raise an
“ apprehension that he would be guilty
“ of some public extravagances. Four
“ or five days after this, the Elector
“ giving a private entertainment in
“ the gardens of one of his villaes, the
“ Count was excluded, as Ulrica was
“ to accompany me; and her parents
“ had desired her to avoid him with
“ the greatest care, till he was de-
“ prived of every hope; that is to
“ say, till the arrival of the Prince de
“ Lobeck.

“ I was, indeed, at the entertain-
“ ment, but my absence of mind was
“ unconquerable.... After supper the
“ company walked in the gardens,

“ which were illuminated. I gave
“ Ulrica my arm. The Baroness de
“ Kleben, with a party, followed us ;
“ but, as we walked on at a much
“ quicker rate, that we might con-
“ verse without being heard, we left
“ them at a considerable distance
“ behind us. Unwilling to say how
“ tiresome I found the evening, I
“ wished Ulrica to speak to me of her
“ disrelish, and, smiling, asked her
“ how she liked the entertainment.
“ ‘ I own,’ replied she, ‘ that I think
“ it very insipid...’—‘ What then is
“ wanting?’—‘ Ah ! what I have no
“ hope of finding in it...’ As she spoke
“ these words, we reached the end of
“ the parterre, and, turning into a
“ narrow walk, lost sight of the com-
“ pany behind us. In the walk, a
“ few paces from us, we saw a man,
“ who was dressed like a gardener,
“ but whom we immediately knew to

“ be the Count de Rosenberg. He
“ advanced hastily towards us; upon
“ which Ulrica, drawing her arm from
“ mine, ran away, and, in a moment,
“ disappeared. I would have followed
“ her, but the Count seized my robe,
“ stopped me, and presenting a letter:
“ ‘ For Heaven’s sake, Madam,’ cried
“ he, ‘ condescend to receive this
“ paper. I conjure you not to let
“ Ulrica know the step I have taken.
“ This paper contains my secret and
“ my fate; when you have read it do
“ as you please with both.’ Having
“ said this, speaking very fast, he hur-
“ ried away. I had received the note,
“ I therefore put it into my bosom,
“ and hastened to join Ulrica. I can
“ give you no idea of the agitation
“ I was in. Ulrica felt an inclina-
“ tion for the Count; but there was
“ a great deal of vanity mixed with
“ it. She was highly flattered with

“ having inspired the most brilliant
“ man at court with such a passion.
“ To obtain honour by her flight,
“ and to boast of this temerity in the
“ Count, who, to see her, had come
“ by stealth into the gardens, she told
“ the adventure to several persons,
“ and the whole court knew it next
“ day.

“ How tedious and long did the
“ entertainment appear to me ! How
“ did the note, which I carefully
“ concealed, weigh upon my heart !
“ At length, midnight arrived, and I
“ might retire. As soon as I was
“ alone in my closet, I opened, with
“ a trembling hand, the mysterious
“ letter, which I have preserved, and
“ you shall hear it.”

Saying this, the Princess opened the
Count de Rosenberg’s letter, and read
it aloud.

NOTES

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

NOTE (a), page 2.

IT is well known that Bourdaloue, among others, refused to be a Bishop, and declined the office of Director to Madame de Maintenon, then in the summit of her power. This fact Madame de Maintenon, after her retirement to Saint Cyr, reports at large in her letters, adding: *I esteem him the more for it, as, at that period, the office of my Director was not to be despised.*

NOTE (b), page 12.

It was with the assistance of those pious ladies, and their friends, that St. Vincent de Paule established a prodigious number of charitable foundations: among others, those of the Hotel-Dieu, the Foundling Hospital, and the General Hospital, for the aged and infirm. The Society of Charitable Ladies gave immense sums for those charities. One of them, for the General Hospital, gave fifty thousand livres at one time; another, from her own funds, granted an annuity of a thousand crowns. In addition, they made collections at court and in town; they interested all France in the undertaking. At that time, all the women throughout the town worked at shirts and shifts for the poor, and made *ten thousand*,

The Ladies of the Society went twice a day to the Hotel-Dieu to take care of the sick, to carry them refreshments, and to instruct, by their example, the *sœur Grises*, instituted by Saint Vincent. Saint Vincent was intimately connected with the commander, Brulard de Sillery, who had been ambassador to Spain, and to Italy, and who was in possession of a large fortune. The Commander resigned all his places, dismissed his servants, to whom he gave pensions, quitted the Hotel of Sillery, sold his furniture and jewels, distributed the money among the poor, under the direction of Saint Vincent, and settled his revenues on the hospitals founded by him, reserving for himself only a small pension to live upon. Besides these pious establishments, Saint Vincent, with the inexhaustible bounties of the same ladies, sent prodigious sums to relieve the inhabitants of Lorraine, which had been laid waste and destroyed by war. The money was carried and distributed on the spot, by missionaries established by him. These succours were supplied as long as the distresses of the province continued; that is to say, about ten years; in which time Saint Vincent sent by his missionaries, at different periods, about sixteen hundred thousand livres, to be distributed in charity. It was remarked that one brother of the mission alone, in the course of ten years, took fifty-three journies into Lorraine; and what appeared wonderful was, that almost all these journies were taken through the midst of armies, and places filled with soldiers and plunderers, and that

not a single missionary was ever robbed or searched, but all safely reached the places whither they were going with the alms. A great number of the wretched inhabitants of Lorraine took refuge in Paris: Saint Vincent procured asylums and subsistence for them; he exerted the same charity towards the English and Scotch Catholics, driven by persecutions to Paris; and he procured the most liberal assistance for the town of Estampes, when afflicted with famine and a dreadful epidemic disease, during the encampment of the armies in the neighbourhood of Paris.

As a knowledge of the manners of that century may give an appearance of probability to this little Romance, I will conclude this note with two interesting extracts. The first is an article among the regulations made by Saint Vincent for the Sisters of Charity, *les Sœurs de la Charité*, and is as follows:

“The Sisters of Charity shall not receive any present, however small, from the poor or sick whom they assist; and they must be careful not to have any idea that those unfortunate people are obliged to them for the service they render them, as, on the contrary, the balance is in their favour; because, for a little charity, consisting not of a gift of their own property, but in their cares, the Sisters make friends in Heaven who will one day receive them into eternal tabernacles.”

It is only Religion that can give such disinterestedness, by proposing such an object, and promising such a recompense. This regulation has

been always faithfully observed by those respectable nuns. Many persons of fortune and rank (before the Revolution) put themselves under their care, and were never able, in any shape, to prevail upon them to accept the slightest present. Among others, we may instance the Duke de Laval, whose leg, in an illness, was dressed twice a day, for several months, by two of the Sisters, who constantly refused the offers, dictated by the noblest gratitude on that occasion, however ingeniously veiled.

The other extract, which so well illustrates the charity of that time, is in Saint Vincent's own words, who one day, recommending these pious women to the prayers of his community, spoke as follows:

" I recommend to your prayers the Sisters of
 " Charity, whom we have sent to Calais, to assist
 " the poor wounded soldiers ; of four, their original
 " number, two, who were the strongest, are de-
 " ceased, having sunk under their ardour in the
 " cause of humanity ! Think, Gentlemen, of four
 " poor women among five or six hundred soldiers,
 " sick and wounded, and in the midst of conta-
 " gious disorders. Indeed, Gentlemen, it is ex-
 " tremely affecting ! Is it not an action of great
 " merit in the sight of God, that women should go
 " with so much courage and resolution among sick
 " soldiers ? that they should go and expose them-
 " selves to such great labour and painful diseases,
 " and even to death, for those men who have en-
 " countered the dangers of war for the good of their
 " country ? We see then how full of zeal for God's

"glory these poor women are, and, consequently,
 "for the good of our neighbour. The Queen has
 "done us the honour to write to us to send others to
 "Calais, for the purpose of assisting those poor
 "soldiers; and four are going to set out to-day.
 "One of them, who is five-and-fifty years old,
 "came to me on Friday last, at the Hotel-Dieu,
 "where I was, to tell me that she had heard that
 "two of the Sisters were dead at Calais, and that
 "she was come to offer herself to me to be sent in
 "their place, if I thought proper. See, Gentle-
 "men, the courage of these women in offering
 "themselves, in this manner, as victims for the love
 "of Jesus Christ! Is not this admirable *?"

Such were the manners of this religious age, and
 such are the fruits of religion.

NOTE (c), page 51.

At all times Religion has produced actions of
 such affecting charity: in our days a pious eccle-
 siastic in this manner saved the life of a young man,
 whose sentiments, conduct, and courage, render
 him extremely amiable. (One of the sons of M.
 Bourgoing.)

To paint all the sublimity of Christian charity,
 we need not invent; reality surpasses all that ima-
 gination can create. Charity is a heavenly flame,

* The whole of this note is taken from the Life
 of *Saint Vincent de Paule*, by Louis Abelli, Bishop
 of Rhodéz. One vol. 4to.

which appears less bright at certain periods, but which will never be extinguished.

NOTE (c), page 68.

This renunciation of the world, and of all ambition, was not uncommon in that age. It was not, however, from a spirit of misanthropy that those men fled from society; but from a distrust of themselves. Father *Ange de Joyeuse*, brother to the Duke de Joyeuse, who was drowned in the Tarn, did not become a Capuchin till after he had mixed a great deal in fashionable life.

The Count de Moret, the natural son of Henry IV and Mlle. de Betuil, Countess of Moret, was said by some to have been killed at the battle of Castelnaudary, in 1632; and by others not to have been killed, but left for dead on the field of battle, and assisted by country people. He became a hermit.

The world have, in general, a very mistaken notion of the religious hermits, and of the fathers of the desert. It is imagined that those holy persons devoted themselves entirely to meditation, and that nothing could draw them from their retreat. On the contrary, it is seen in the lives of the Saints, and of the Fathers of the desert, that those pious cenobites never scrupled to quit their retirement, when they had the slightest hope of being useful to the world. So it was that, at the times when the plague raged, a vast number of those hermits left the caverns of the desert to go and take care of the infected, who were forsaken by their friends and relations. This was the only connection they kept up

with the world, to be called upon when their unbounded charity could be useful. Besides, most of them worked in the desert for the poor; some made baskets, others raised vegetables; they went every month to the towns, to sell those different articles for the benefit of the poor; and, at those times, they were informed of public calamities. Thus it was that Saint *Almaque*, or *Télémaque*, learning that the combats of the gladiators was still kept up, came from the remote parts of the east to Rome, to exert himself for the abolition of those barbarous shows. He had the courage to go alone into the arena of the gladiators and harangue the people, upbraiding them with their cruelty in the name of religion. They at first listened to him with astonishment in profound silence, but provoked at the thought of any attempt being made to deprive them of a show they delighted in, they fell upon *Télémaque* and massacred him. Immediately after the death of this martyr of religion and humanity, Honorius abolished those combats.

NOTE (e), page 63.

We are indebted to Religion for the only morality which has a solid basis and an object, the only one of which all the principles are pure and consistent. To this morality, and to the Saints who preached it, we owe the civilization of Europe. Many of the Saints were legislators, and always with the happiest success; St. Patrick in Ireland, St. Kilda in the island that bears his name, St. Marino in Italy,

St. Louis in France, and others in Scotland, Germany, Spain, Portugal, &c.

In the first ages of Christianity some fishermen settled on a rock called Maclowen; several fugitives from the kingdom of Kent joined them, and this colony soon sprung up into a numerous society of pirates: some poor monks likewise went to live upon the same rock, where, among ferocious banditti, who lived only by war and plunder, they dared to preach justice and peace. Had they promulgated the vague maxims of a morality without basis, and without authority, they would have been exterminated; but they spoke with simplicity in the name of God himself: curiosity, astonishment, respect, and admiration, became their safe guard. They were listened to; this rising people embraced Christianity; the monks, with the Gospel in their hand, gave them laws, and a Bishop was sent for, who formally consecrated the rock Maclowen; the population and houses encreased; a town was formed, and received the revered name of the holy Bishop, who brought its police and laws to perfection: it is now St. Malo.

NOTE (f), page 67:

The letters of Saint *Francis-de-Salès* form a most affecting monument of filial piety and fraternal affection; his love for his mother, and for his brothers and sisters, has never been surpassed. Piety, far from weakening lawful feelings, strengthens, by purifying them; it strips them of all selfishness, it gives them a sublime disinterestedness, which can

alone render them capable of devotement, and of the most heroic sacrifices.

NOTE (g), page 79.

In the vicinity of Hambourg there is a hill, near the coast, called *the Widows' Cape*, because the sailors' wives, whose husbands are at sea, frequent the hill, in the hope of seeing their ships, at a distance, on their return. This fact is the foundation of my *Hill of Hope*. Rural manners, from want of observation, are painted so much alike in books, that, when an author describes new customs, it is necessary for him to refer to examples, that he may not be accused of forsaking probability in founding fictions on imaginary habits. Every thing may be invented except manners and customs.

NOTE (h), page 120.

The Duke de Rohan was, in fact, at the head of the Calvinists; that is to say, the rebels of those seditious and persecuting Calvinists who excited such troubles in France, and particularly at Rochelle, for the space of nearly two hundred years.

A writer who, in his works, constantly discovers a great predilection for all the factious, Voltaire, has lavished the most exaggerated praises on this Duke de Rohan. He made the following lines upon him:

Avec tous les talents le ciel l'avait fait naître,
Il agit en héros, en sage il écrivit;
Il fut même grand homme en combattant son maître,
Et plus grand lorsqu'il le servit.

"Heaven endowed him at his birth with every talent; he acted as a hero, he wrote as a sage; he was even a great man when he fought against his master; and greater still when he served him."

That Prince did not possess *every talent*; he was not a *great man when he fought against his master*, and prolonged the horrors of civil war. He discovered very little talent at the siege of Rochelle; he lightly deserted his party to make his peace at Court. He was not a *great man in serving his master*; for his services ended in a defection, in consequence of which he was obliged to fly and live in a foreign country. He did not write *as a sage*; his works are not in request. They are indeed full of *republican ideas*, and contain some bold expressions for that time.

The Duke de Rohan always displayed great courage; and, on some occasions, military talents. He was ambitious, fickle, and factious. He made a bad use of the understanding and talents he possessed. Nothing of all this indicates a *great man*.

The President Henault, speaking of the reduction of Rochelle, in 1628, says:

"Thus fell this rebellious town, which for nearly two hundred years, had, at various periods, taken up arms against the government, and which had always, according to the policy of rebels, chosen its time for insurrection when our Kings were most embarrassed in other respects. Such was its rebellion under Louis XI. during the plots of his brother the Duke de Guyenne; against

“ Charles VIII. when all Italy expected him at
 “ Fornovo; against Louis XII. during the wars
 “ he carried on for the Milanese; against Francis I.
 “ when engaged with Charles V.; against Francis II.
 “ and Charles IX. in their minority; against
 “ Henry III. in setting up his brother against him;
 “ against Henry IV. just as he was going to war
 “ with the Duke of Savoy; and, lastly, against
 “ Louis XIII. three times, and whom the last siege
 “ cost forty millions of livres ”

NOTE (i), page 202.

This morality is really that of the Gospel, and these maxims are those of the Saints. Let us hear on this subject that Saint on whom Henry the Great bestowed so many marks of esteem and veneration, Saint François de Sales. Speaking of the world, these are his words :

“ Some think to praise the house of those who
 “ live in the world, by saying that it is an absolute
 “ cloister, that the inhabitants live as if they were
 “ in a convent, &c. ; such exercises are good and
 “ holy ; but we are to consider circumstances,
 “ places, times, persons, and conditions. Charity
 “ out of its place is no longer charity, it is a fish
 “ out of water, a tree transplanted to an uncon-
 “ genial soil. I do not approve of those who choose
 “ to practise only such virtues as are agreeable to
 “ them, without attending to such as are particu-
 “ larly required by their employment and duty,
 “ serving God in their own way, and not according
 “ to his will.”

Massillon has expounded these principles in an admirable manner: "True piety," says he, "is the order of society. It leaves every one where he ought to be; makes the state in which God has placed us the only path of our salvation; and attributes no chimerical perfection to works which God does not require of us. Whatever disturbs public harmony is an irregularity in man, and not zeal, or perfection in virtue. Religion disclaims all works, be they ever so pious, which are substituted for duties; and he is nothing in the sight of God, who is not what he ought to be. The essential duties of the great, then, are not prayer and retirement: by those they ought to be prepared for, not diverted from, public cares; and they should sanctify themselves by contributing to the welfare and happiness of their country. The grace of their state is the grace of labour, care, and vigilance: whoever assures them, says the Gospel, that they will find Jesus Christ in the wilderness, or in the secret recesses of their palaces, is a false prophet; they will there be alone, and left to themselves. God is not with us in situations he does not require us to fill. An idle and lonely piety does not sanctify a sovereign, it diminishes his graces and degrades him."

END OF THE NOTES.

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